NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND HENRY F. HARRINGTON,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Newport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
[illegible]—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE ARTIST BOY.

BY S. S. OSGOOD.

The humble roof protected only four,—
Two parents, one fair daughter, and a son;
The old man's head with age was silvered o'er,
And to grow grey the mother had begun;
The girl was young, and her dark hair was braided
Upon a brow, on which the sun had lingered;
The healthful hue upon her cheeks, was shaded
To rich brown—that too, the sun had lingered.
Poor girl! each day she used to labor long
To help her mother, who was old and weary,
And then, at eve, would sing her cheerful song,
To glad the cot, that would have else been dreary.
The son was older, by two years, than Mary;
His form was slender and his face was thin—
No boy was he to feast him in a dairy;
There was a spirit that consumed within—
A restless spirit, crimsoning his cheek—
And his eye too, was flashing with assurance—
Then by his tongue, essayed it to speak—
But words came not, and it was held in durance.
Ye, who like Byron, on the snow-capp'd mountain,
Beholding God amid the glorious storm,
When feelings deep have choked the living fountain,
Seek, in one lightning word, expression warm,—
Ye can alone conceive young Allan's feeling,
When Nature's loveliness burst on his eye,
A gorgeous sunset, or some scene revealing
Tall trees, embracing, where the brook went by;
This was not all his love, he loved young Mary—
A cottage girl,—a piece of breathing nature.
She, though romantic, was no sylph, or fairy,
Tho, to his eye, a far more lovely creature.
Allan went out sometimes to help his father,
To weed the garden or to hoe the corn,
To rake the hay—or any thing you'd rather,
The boy should spend his precious time upon.
'Come, Allan, come!'—the father oft would say,
As the strange youth leaned on his hoe, or rake,
And seemed to look at something far away,
As one who from a dream was half awake.
Ambition preyed on Allan's dreaming mind,
And bore each thought far up the steep to fame,
As at the window he at eve reclined,
And traced amid the stars, his shepherd-name—
And visions passed, of crowns, and laurel wreaths,
Of mitres, sceptres, and all mightier things,
Of old ancestral lines that now are Death's,
Long past away, on Time's e'er moving wings.
Sometimes, for hours, would Allan oft be missing—
His hoe, his rake, his spade were all forgot;
He had a task, which he was fondly kissing,
With soul and hand in some secluded spot.
Oft did he come to see his sister Mary,
And then at her intensely would he gaze,
As Catholics regard their breviary,
On blessed Christmas or St Patrick's days.
The father questioned, and the mother wondered
Why their fond child from home was thus estranged;
Mary surmised at least some half a hundred
Reasons why Allan was of late so changed.
The mother, roused by that most fatal passion,
That came with woman at the birth of Eve,
Whose sway is stronger than the ruling fashion,
Whether in short clothes or in bishop sleeve—
No rest had she, till she had traced him to
The forest-depths, where, in a lonely nook,
High from above, the sky came peeping through,
To meet our hero's meditative look.
There sat the boy, within the quiet shade;
Before him, on a rock, a paper lay—
The half-raised hand and thoughtful eye betrayed,
A something lost in trustful memory's way;
His mother's step broke not his reverie,
As she stole close behind the truant boy,
And o'er his shoulder strained her eye to see,
What could so long have been the lad's employ.
'Twas pain to see the mother, as she stood,
With parted lips, o'er the unconscious youth,
And every feeling of her heart subdued,
Viewing the sketch—a sketch with wondrous truth,
Of her fair girl, by a devoted brother!
The secret gained, she would have left unseen,
To tell the treasure to some friend or other—
But as she turned, the sun shone out between
The passing clouds, that had obscured his light,
And cast her shadow 'neath young Allan's eye,
Who started, more surprised than in a fright,
To find aught human had approached so nigh.
'Why! my dear mother, pray how came you hither?
I have not slept, and yet I heard you not—
I should as soon have thought the bay could wither,
As to have seen another in this spot.
In truth I fancied not one mortal knew
Where I had wandered, or my occupation;
That is the millions, which is known to few,
And secrets never lose by new relation.'
The dame repented she had been so prying,
And vowed her tongue should be the last to tell;
But women say so even when they're dying,
Against their sense and promise to rebel.
Ere the fair sun had marked the twenty-four,
Joe Johnson's wife, the mother and Aunt Sally,
Had met together with a dozen more,
To do the scandal of the country valley.
The council o'er, and Allan's fame resounded
For ten miles distant, every neighbor knew it,
Some few would have it that it was unfounded,
And Dobbin soon was harnessed to go view it.
Charles Jones declared 'twas Mary's apparition,
And all pronounced the likeness very true;
Charles was a boy in Nature's true condition,
Who laughed surprised to see a sight so new,
Now Allan's fate is changed; he leaves the cot,
To seek in town a four or five flight attic,
And yet I ween, however poor his lot,
No breast e'er heaved with pleasure so extatic.
Months pass away; in Newman's famous street,
Where West and Jackson revelled in their fame,
And many grades of hungry painters meet,
To wing with deathless wing, a humble name,
There shall we find our youthful hero, 'mid
His casts and sketches, placed around the room,
And on the canvass, as by mist 'twere hid,
A lovely form, faint dawning through the gloom!
The painter-boy now wields the brush at will;
Creations rise from out his pondering brain;
Few years have given his hand its wealth of skill,
To bring the past before our eyes again—
Few years have paled his cheek, since he became
One of the millions of the peopled town—
Few years have woven laurels round his name,
That are to him a sceptre and a crown!

Envy and caviling are powerless against true merit. A light may be blown out, but not the sun.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

LEAN FOLKS, an answer to 'FAT FOLKS.'

'I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius.'—JULIUS CÆSAR.

Ha! ha! my cynical friend of the 'lean and slippered pantaloon,' thy caterer provides not well for thee; or thou art a confirmed dispeptic. Or perchance thou enviest the good cheer of thy neighbors of expanded girth, while thou strivest in vain by like aliment, to nourish the pound of flesh upon thy shrunk shank. Oh! thou little man! thou lean man! thou man of four feet eleven!

I hate your spare folks—ay I with immortal Cæsar—
'Let me have men about me that are fat.'
Give me the blunt honesty, the blood-startling gripe—the jovial phis, the hearty laugh; that are the everlasting vade-mecum of abdominal rotundity! And for the portly consequence of the indolent fat man! 'tis his birthright! fear it not! envy it not! it carries the lie to imputation of dishonesty; it never bids to clap hand upon pocket-book or kerchief! But your wheezing scantiness of angles and ribs! your creeping, stunking understander of protruded chins, sunken eyes, sallow cheeks, wiry necks, rattling knees and voracious bellies—eschew him! There is that in him which let your wisdom fear! he is an incubus upon all joviality and open-heartedness—does he approach? give him the slip—he savors of Old Bailey: Bargain with him—and clinch your eye-teeth—or they are yours no more. Inspect your bank-notes—hold them to sunlight—ring hard your dollars—question the rascal—he's off! and whither? he's off! and how? he's off! and when?

Now Messrs Editors, I am possessor and never-ceasing patron of a goodly corporation—an exemplary corporation—the monarch of a princely domain, in which I encourage at large, neat cattle and swine, fish and fowl. I am not chaff—a whiff of air hurls me not aloft—nor does a Hudson thump prostrate me—I bless my stars that I can do justice to my multifarious providers—that my beneficent belly bids for me my *money's worth*. My tailor, sweetly smiling, remarks upon my comfortable obesity, 'A coat, sir? four yards of the widest broadcloth, sir.' My caterer eying me in silent sympathy, shouts out, 'soup, beef and pudding for six.' My stabler, in subdued accents murmurs—'Ye Gods! five hundred!' and forthwith summons the double-braced gig and tandem.

It is very true, Messrs Editors, we followers of the redoubtable Slop, are of untold consequence, not a movement but carries *weight* with it—in sooth, wo to the adversary upon whom we *fall!*

Your spare folks! I hate them—ay! the whole tribe, from Pharaoh's lean kine down to that rare specimen of incarnate tenuity, Calvin Edson!—I hate them—they are mopers—they skulk along with chin and breast in amicable contiguity, seeking petty *windfalls* upon the ground—or inspecting the toe of boot or shoe, to calculate the next visit to Crispin. Not so your fat man—he gazes not upon the earth except at soldier's distance—his toes are strangers to him save that now and then, as he strides a mud-puddle, they glance upon his watching eye, like mice peeping from their hiding-places;—he walks at his ease, folding his arms in complacent dignity upon the soft pillow which nature has stitched to him.

Messrs Editors, farewell,—my gratitude to you for your patience—my respects to you, for your regard to fat folks—and, gentlemen, allow me, not because you are a couple of 'wiry, gritty little chaps,' but because you are a fair average size and goodly proportions,

To subscribe myself,

Yours ever SIX FEET BY FOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

LEAN FOLKS, an answer to 'FAT FOLKS.'

THE nature of my class has been assailed, and I step forth—its defender. No armor need I, for my heart is inaccessible to the thrust of the assailant—far hid within a barrier which serves, as do cotton bags in battle—a barrier elastic as india-rubber, and as portable as the stately war-ship upon the swelling ocean. I am high, as well as bulky, therefore my defence must be long, as well as comprehensive. A meagre hand has painted my kind, as miserable, therefore I must prove that their obesity is the 'oil of joy.' A lean, divisible form has attacked my nature, therefore I must show its advantage, in a division of the subject. And the first part demanding attention, is that which leads to the beautiful figure of rotundity.

A good digestive organ is requisite to the proper and just application of the blessings which are the object of the vast exertions in every part of this gigantic sphere. Has not a valuable book said that 'man shall not live by bread alone'? He must live by clams, oysters and meat, ay, and even fish, which, when accompanied by a little butter, some vegetables, &c. &c. if palatable, even as the old lady's soup made from a stone, with just a few other accompaniments. Add to these a little, very little exercise, wine and fresh air, and we may hope to obtain that desirable acme in this world—greatness. We wish, not only to rise in the estimation of men, but to feel ourselves, that we have acquired that which the 'world cannot give or take away'. Are we not happy when we press forward and find that our hands can touch nought but our *personal* property? Gratified are we for having gathered so much of this world's goods! We have fallen into fortune's fish-pond, and nought can drag us out. Our gigantic 'bread-baskets,' and quivering and crimsoned visages, indicate that we have the tender sympathies in full bloom. Our magnitude causes us to love the world, for we are the greater part of it—we love ourselves, *ergo*, we love mankind. We cannot be blown about by every 'wind of doctrine,' though a slight breath may disentangle the sinews of lean men from their bones and scatter them far and wide. To change us from our position, would be a task equal to that of cleansing the Augean stables performed by that other great man—Hercules;—no friend of ours however, for he was blood-thirsty in the wrong way. Instead of having the blood of his victims saved in a pan and cooked, he spilled it on the ground as though it were worth nothing.

A circle is the most beautiful of figures; then a round belly is a pleasureable object. A rotund form is a favorite with the greatest architects; the State-House cupola is round—look at the rotunda of Quincy-market—at the crowning globe of St Paul's, London—and the proud, swelling and gigantic figure which caps the stupendous church of the 'Eternal city.' Here my dear Mr Four-feet-eleven, you are done up, though at the expense to me of three pounds of perspiration. You have shown a natural self-deficiency in being blind to the beauties of humanity, in a rotund body.

2ndly. Whenever a holiday is proclaimed, the great people of the city and country, *en masse*, betake themselves to a dinner table, and duly perform its honors to their stomachs' content—for the good of their country. Does not this show how conducive to humanity is the appetite which bringeth unto us large bellies? Then, my dear sir, denounce them not, for they are the beautiful and blest effects of a life of philanthropy. The highest honors of the table are performed by the greatest personages. They hope to increase in greatness; and if they do not grow in grace, they intend to advance in grease. The head of a family oversees the filling of every stomach in his domicil. His office, therefore, must be honorable, as it belongs, but to the lord of the mansion. The fact that belly lumber is an important subject in political economy, is proved by the great labor bestowed upon the structures in which is vended the fat of the land. Look at that enormous, belly loving fabric—our Boston Market—ditto Philadelphia—ditto London. The highest, deepest, gravyest—I mean gravest attention of the Roman Senate was bestowed upon the choice of a suitable manner of cooking a turbot. What do these prove, but the importance of the subject of eating, and the great honor belonging to the high-priests of cookery and table-dissection? Are researches in science for aught but to advance the state of the belly? Examine the fact, and physical improvement will be found the grand medium of scientific movements. These are large bellied deserving of more? Look to yourself, Mr Four-feet-eleven! start out at those faces of magnitude! Did I not say you laboring to swallow an oyster of your own length—a twin-brother to that mentioned by the amiable Mrs Butler? I prythee 'laugh and grow fat'—eat and praise that which is most nourishing. You seem to be a 'good ex,' though like Swift; you are a disappointed being. Your failure in municipal glory was owing to your want of stomach. Look up, my man! swell out—appear big, and you will soon be a common councillor. Give dinners—suppers, and you will soon have the 'blushing honors' of Aldermanic powers upon you. Your face shall emulate the ruby—your nose, when pinched, shall emit, like a full sponge; your eyes shall float, like a brand in a fire-reflecting sea; and your body shall roll, like a world on a vast plain, impelled by a big-bellied giant.

SIX-BY-FOUR.

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1836.

WE have nothing to say of this work, this year—save what follows; and we rather think, however [illegible] it is lucky for most of the contributors, engravers and painters, to skip over the editors, that we have nothing to say of it, or of them.

But there is one thing we must say. We have done writing for the Token and Atlantic Souvenir; forever and aye—though paid in advance. Our first trial occurred in our first effort, which was pretty fairly printed—our next with the next, which suffered by three atrocious mutilations and omissions; our third in a story of John Hunter, purporting to be his Auto-biography—written by himself! where we took no small credit to ourselves, for having made him give an account of his own death and burial, somewhat after the fashion of the great Jewish Lawgiver. This, our friend Goodrich, did not exactly understand—he possibly took it for a blunder—and so the Auto-biography of John Dunn Hunter was published without the catastrophe! This, we acknowledge, was rather trying to our patience—a virtue for which we have always been rather remarkable, but this, you will understand, reader, is to go no further—and we took the earliest opportunity of blowing him up—in company with Dr John Bowring—sky high. Soon after this, he had the magnanimity to communicate further with us, and for the soul of us, we couldn't help thinking we might have gone too far; and so to prove it we did our prettiest—Children, what are they?—Which, somehow or other, we never knew how exactly, appeared in the Token and Souvenir, pretty much as we wrote it. There may have been omissions, as there were in our Auto-biography of John Dunn Hunter of whole pages, but that we never much cared for, provided we could get hold of the manuscript again; for we made up our minds years and years ago, in any such case, to '*print and shame the fools.*' We have done with Jeffrey—and we shall do so with every body else, even Mr Goodrich. So this year we tried again—and gave the prettiest thing we ever touched off, since we breathed the breath of life—so spirited—so graceful—and so touching! Well, it was printed, and the proof was furnished, with here and there a little crooked thing of this shape (?) figuring along the margin, and a prettily managed request that we would just play the devil with the whole story, by the alteration of some two or three passages in the body of it—and by leaving out the catastrophe! as in the case of John Dunn Hunter. Just think of that!—pull the sting out of a honey-bee, (or a wasp) or an epigram to oblige an editor, and then have it published for your own!—Gad-a-mercy—man! *did* you think I would be guilty of *such a thing*? What! emasculate my youngest born to please the babies that delight in emasculated Tokens! no, thank ye. So we wrote a most obliging reply, saying, in the most polite language, we would see him—hanged first; but adding, you may alter it if you like, but you do it at your peril—for we shall most assuredly publish it, as *it was written*—if you do alter it, you must take the consequences. We choose to be answerable for our own transgressions—and to pass for neither *more*, nor *less* than we are worth. And now the Token and Souvenir for 1836 having appeared, with the childish emendations of the Editor, we hasten *to do or die* the alterations made by Mr Goodrich. After you have read them through, dear, *dear* public, be prepared to say ay or no the question whether in point of fact, he has not left out the catastrophe—pulled out the sting from the honey-bee—honey-bag and all?—If there be any pith in the story—where is it, as published in the Token and Souvenir for 1836.—We say no where. Oh but these gentlemen who cater for young ladies are getting to be *so squeamish*—we wonder if butter would melt in *their* mouths!—or if they ever allowed a pretty woman, with a neat ancle, to go up stairs before them in all their lives.

N.

[From the Token of 1836.]

THE YOUNG PHRENOLOGIST.

(RESTORED *by the Author*).

THE mysterious veil has been lifted! There lie the blighted roses—there the bridal wreath—trampled and torn!

Afar and apart from all the rest of the world, the playfellows of her youth, the innocent, the childish, and the happy—the happy they know not why, and they care not wherefore, the childish who are innocent, and the innocent who are childish—sat a pale, dark-eyed girl, with disordered hair, a night-robe gathered up about her bosom, both elbows on the lid of an open secretary, over which trailed a magnificent shawl, and her slippered foot on a wreath of white roses—bridal roses—with a faint blush-colored tinge at the core.

It was long after midnight; and the low harmonious wind stole through the chamber, toying with the snowy drapery of the large open window, as with a veil it would lift if it knew how, playing with the shadows of a night-taper before a superb mirror, and filling the whole house with the sultry breath of orange-flowers, lavishing their golden dust by star light upon the trembling air.

The stars faded; the warm passionate breathing of the orange-blossoms died away, and the tears that gathered slowly underneath her white palms, fell drop after drop, like the dew from overcharged flowers, among a handful of scattered pearls, and the fragments of two or three torn ostrich-feathers lying about over the floor, like a shower of mingled hail-stones and half melted snow-flakes.

Not a murmur was to be heard from her pale parted lips; not so much as a hurried breath. Grief and consternation were there; unspeakable terror and blighted love; but no fierceness, no flashing of the eyes, no trembling of the mouth; nothing but resignation, pity, untold sorrow, and the dead apathy of a broken-hearted girl, who has never been at a play, nor read a book to be ashamed of, and who has therefore no language wherewith to tell her sorrows, whatever they may be.

She was a wife; 'wooed an' married an' aw,' and her husband was a *Phrenologist!* Ay, a Phrenologist! and she, poor thing, never knew a word of it, till she found him feeling her head, and pretending to be asleep, the very night after her marriage: (1) No wonder she was half frightened to death.

She had often read of such people at the north; she had even heard it whispered about a month before, that a live Phrenologist had passed through New-Orleans one morning before the people were up, on his way to the Columbia-River, the South-Pole, or the Upper-Missouri, she could not for her life remember which. And now, only to think of it!—that Edward, her own dear, dear Edward, whom she loved so passionately, so distractedly, that he should be a Phrenologist; and nothing but a Phrenologist after all! Oh it was too much—'much too much.'

Her heart died away within her, on making the discovery. She pretended to be asleep, and tried to pray. But she could not; his very breathing disturbed her. He breathed like a Phrenologist! And so, after considering the matter all over anew, weighing all the consequences, and imagining all sorts of excuses for one so young, so handsome, and so good-natured—they are so easily led astray you know—she determined to slip out of bed the moment he began to breathe naturally, and write a letter to her mother; to have one more look at her bridal paraphernalia, the roses, and the jewels, and the ostrich-feathers, and then to be governed by circumstances.

Having made up her mind, she held her breath, till satisfied he was asleep, and then withdrew so quietly as not to disturb him, thrust her little naked feet into a pair of stray slippers, and stole off to another chamber, where she had hardly seated herself, and begun at the very top of a page, 'O my dear mother!'—when her tears blinded her, and she was obliged to stop. That beloved parent! Oh, what a blow it would be to her! And then, too, there was her father, her poor dear father! it would be the death of him!—to have married a Phrenologist! to be the mother of little Phrenologists! Oh it was dreadful to think of! (2)

Why it was only a few months before, but the other day, as it were, that she had seen it stated in a newspaper, that Phrenology was Materialism! If so, she had married not only a Phrenologist, but a Materialist. Merciful Heaven! that her own dear Edward, the hope of her young heart, the handsomest fellow in all New-Orleans, and the best dancer, should be a Materialist! Only to think of it! But then, what was a Materialist? And down she sat again, to write a long letter to her father, instead of her mother, beginning with 'Oh my poor father!'

At this moment, while reaching forward to dip her pen for another paragraph, her finger happened to touch a small ivory knob, and a secret drawer flew open with a loud report. Up she jumped! and took one peep—just one peep—and what do you think she saw? Why, as true as you are sitting in that chair, it was full of little children's heads, with the faces of old men, altogether quarters of an inch long. They were not exactly babies' heads—they appeared of wax, much like pieces of [illegible]—whatever she had [illegible]. Poor soul! how could she help it?

But her trials were not at an end. Having read the history of Blue-Beard in the original, and of Little-Red-Riding-Hood in a capital translation, by a late President of the United States, wherein the dangers of unhallowed curiosity were painted to the life, with a view to Sabbath-schools and a new edition of Mother-Goose, the unhappy wife lost no time in trying to restore the drawer to its original hiding-place; but the more she tried, the farther she appeared from her object—she pushed and panted, and panted and pushed—but all to no purpose. The drawer would not move; there it stuck, and there she was obliged to stand, with the five-and-forty little monsters all staring at her, as if they enjoyed her perplexity. Oh, what would become of her! Another effort—another! and her little finger touched another ivory knob, and another drawer started open! to the sound of low music, with a running accompaniment of bells, puppy-dogs and pop-guns; enough to alarm the whole neighborhood, she thought, as she ran off to a far corner of the chamber and stopped her ears, and stood crouching and trembling, till the beat of her young heart grew audible, expecting every moment to see the door fly open, and the bridegroom of twenty-four hours feeling after her, (3) in a flowered-calico-dressing-gown; with a night-lamp in one hand, and a knife or a scull in the other. Poor thing! he had not slept so soundly for a twelvemonth before.

At last the impertinent little hubbub died away; and after unstopping her ears, and looking well at the door, she ventured to steal toward the desk a tip-toe—determined to have one more peep if she died for it. One peep!—and a smothered scream!—and down she dropped into a chair, literally gasping for breath. Would you believe it! The very first thing she saw, was a miniature of herself, with the hair wiped off, and the bare ivory skull, written all over with unutterably strange characters. There was no bearing this. The beautiful hair she had been so proud of, and so celebrated for! the very hair he had fondled so affectionately, not a month before, interweaving white roses and pearls, and chains of gold, with every undulating mass, when all the time—oh the wretch!—could it be possible!—maybe he was only looking her head as a Phrenologist, all the time he sat there by the sofa pretending to play with her hair. It was only the very night before their marriage, her little sister who had been left to take care of her, fast asleep on the other end of the sofa, and she herself pretending to be asleep, just to see what he would say. O, flesh and blood couldn't bear it! And so up she jumped, and tearing away the pearls, huge orient pearls, from a tiara of ostrich-feathers, that she had worn the night before, and left upon that very sofa, she scattered them far and wide over the floor, and then, happening to look up and see the faded bridal-wreath, now twenty-four hours old, which had been put aside so reverentially, by her dear Edward—wet as it was with tears and warm with kisses—she tore it away, flung that also to the floor, and trampled on it! And then, dropping into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, the poor girl began to weep as if her heart would break; though without rocking to and fro, as they do in story-books, or breathing hard, or stamping, or dashing away her tears with an imperial movement of the head, or sopping her face with a pocket-handkerchief, as they do on the stage. No, there was nothing of this; no pettish up-gathering of a shawl about her, no tearing of her dishevelled hair; but quietly and with a feeling of bitter self-reproach, there she sat in the solitude of her bridal-chamber, literally bleeding at the heart. And what if her husband was a Materialist, or even a Phrenologist, was that a reason for tearing her bridal-wreath, and trampling it under foot? She stooped with a feeling of shame and sorrow, to save what there was left of it. Was that a reason for scattering a bandeau of pearls, worth five thousand dollars, every cent of it? and for spoiling four superb ostrich-feathers? And here, she stretched forth her hand to the magnificent shawl that hung over a chair, half covering the secretary, and trailing along the floor, the only thing she had not dishonored, with a determination to be more wary for the future, Phrenologist or no Phrenologist.

But as her hand approached the shawl, it slipped away, and before she recovered from her astonishment, the shadow of a man stared up at her elbow, and took the shape of her husband! Ay, and in that abominable flowered-calico-dressing-gown, too, just as she had been thinking of him, with a night-lamp in one hand, and a——she never stopped to see what in the other, as she flung away from him, shaking her fingers and crying,

'Don't touch me! You're a Phrenologist; you know you are!' No wonder! they blushed and tingled as if she had been playing with a lighted thunderbolt.

'Why, Nelly! what on earth is the matter with you!—How long have you been here?'

'And how long have you been here? I should like to know that, before I answer you,' said she, dropping into a chair, all out of breath, and covering her face with her hands.

'Ever since the running down of that alarm-watch.'

'What alarm-watch, Edward?'

'That,' pointing to the open drawer.

'That an alarm-watch! why it sounded to me like a cannonade. You have no idea how it frightened me; if I hadn't known what it was, or rather what had set it a-going, I should have thought the world was coming to an end——or somebody breaking into the house.'

'Umph!'

'Oh, but I have been so angry with you; you don't know.'

'Umph!'

'And now I am so ashamed of myself, you can't think.'

'Umph!'

'*Umph!*—and is that all you have to say, when you find me sitting here at this time of night, all alone by myself, and sobbing as if my very heart would break?'

'Yes, dear, for the present—umph! But answer me one question, will you?'

She bowed, without uncovering her face or looking up, and a beautiful shoulder glimmering for a minute underneath a mass of wayward hair, that she disengaged in recovering her position. It made him catch his breath. (4)

'You called me a Phrenologist, I believe.'

She bowed.

'A Materialist?'

'Oh Lud! then you were here all the time!'

'A Yankee, perhaps?'

'A Yankee!—Heaven forbid!'

'Well, then, there's my hand; I forgive you.'

'Why Ned!—what do you mean by that? I always had an idea that you were proud of being a Yankee.'

'And so I am. God knows that I am! And that I have reason for it, my dear girl! my beloved wife! But you are of the South, and you have all the passionate feelings, and let me add, all the prejudices of the South toward Yankees.'

'But we have never considered you as a Yankee, Edward—never altogether as a New-Englander.'

'And why not? I was born there, and brought up there, and I always have insisted, I do now insist, and I always shall insist, on being so considered by every body, friend or foe.'

'Then why should you care whether I called you a Yankee or not, when I believed myself alone?'

'Because, dear, your Southern prejudices are a part of yourself; and so long as you did not call me a Yankee, or a Down-Easter, I knew there was nothing unforgivable, said or meant. Are we friends now?' Stooping to kiss her, and pointing to the chamber-door, with one hand as he adjusted the stray mass of redundant hair with the other.

'Lord! what a fumbler you are!' said she, disengaging herself, jumping up, and running off toward another door. On the way, she trod upon the pearls, and stopped; and her eyes filled with tears! Oh, Edward, Edward! can you forgive me!' she cried. 'You must have thought me possessed!'

'Possessed?—umph.'

'I do wish you would leave off that nasty word—*umph!*—I hate it.'

'Any thing, dear, if you will give up that word nasty.'

'Will you though!' jumping up and clapping her hands; 'will you! 'sartin true, black and blue;' there's a dear little husband!'

'Umph!'

'Will you give up Materialism?'

'With all my heart.'

'And Phrenology?'

'And Phrenology? Why, yes, if you say so, after you know what Phrenology is.'

'I know what it is now.' Humming the air, 'Too late for my peace.' 'And I don't want to know any thing more.'

'And what is it?'

'What is what?'

'Why Phrenology, to be sure; what is Phrenology?'

'Why, Phrenology is Materialism,' tapping the floor with her toe, and speaking with considerable emphasis.

'Umph. And what is Materialism?'

'Why,' folding her arms, and stooping so as to hide her feet with her dress, for she caught the wandering of his eye, and began to think seriously of escape; 'why, Materialism is Phrenology, to be sure; what else can it be?'

'And who says so?'

'The Christian Examiner.'

'Whew!—nay, nay, my dear girl, one word before we part, you to your chamber, I hope, and I to——where shall I betake myself?'

'Where you please.'

'Hadn't I better lie down here on the sofa?'

'O, certainly! by all means! running off.

'You'll be wandering this way in your sleep, maybe.'

'Not while you are here, I promise you.'

'Nay, nay; one word, I beseech you. Do you see this paper? I want you to read that, before you decide against Phrenology.'

'I can't read it; its all Hebrew to me; what's the meaning of all these figures? and all those words of four-and-twenty syllables a piece? I should really be glad to know.'

'It is your Horoscope, my love.'

'My—what!'

'A Phrenological estimate of your character, before marriage. Do you know, my dear, that you are indebted to Phrenology for a husband?'

'Really!' dropping a profound courtesy; 'and you mean that I shall now be indebted to a husband for Phrenology, hey?'

'Pretty much. Now let me read it to you; and that you may see whether I read it fairly or not, suppose you look over me,' drawing her to his knee.

'Proceed—the stars are fading, the air blows cooler, and I begin to feel sleepy.'

He reads:

'Firmness—moderate.

'Conscientiousness—full.

'Approbativeness—large.'

'Approbativeness indeed! I should like to know what that means!'

'You ought to know, my dear. It means love of approbation. In women, or in men who resemble women, it may become what is called—may I whisper it?—*vanity*.'

'Umph! as you say, and that I have large!'

'Umph!'

'Proceed.'

'Destructiveness—very large,' glancing at the torn ostrich-feathers and scattered pearls.

'Marvellousness—large; and——'

'No, no; stop there, if you please; I don't see how that can be; I don't believe in ghosts.'

'No, but you do in the Christian Examiner.'

'Very true. Proceed.'

'Self-esteem—deficient.'

'Deficient! why every body tells me I am the vainest creature alive!'

'That may be, nevertheless; nay, for that very reason; with more self-esteem or self-respect, you would be far less anxious about the opinion of others.'

'Hope—moderate,' laying his hand on hope.

'Ideality—full.'

'Not full-ish, hey?'

'Inhabitiveness—moderate.'

'Lord! how you do skip about! You've been all over my head now three or four times! What is the meaning of Inhabitiveness?'

'No wonder you ask! Had it been large, my love, you wouldn't be here now.'

'Where should I be pray?'

'In your own bed.' (5)

'Why Edward!' jumping off his knee, and trying to escape; 'what are you laughing at?'

'At a little mistake of yours, my dear, that's all. But bear me through.'

'Well!—proceed!'

'Comparison—fair.

'Causality—full, quite full. Now, my dear, that character was drawn for you before marriage. All that I have seen of you, or heard of you, confirms it in every particular; and it is upon this ground my hope——'

'What hope, Edward?'

'The hope of your turning out a reasonable woman after all, and perhaps a little Phrenologist.'

'Wretch! But what is meant by comparison?'

'Comparison, my dear is the distinguishing power of superior minds. It is that quality which detects differences, where the multitude see only resemblances, and resemblances, where they see only differences.'

'And that you say is large with me.'

'No, my dear, not large, but fair.'

'Well, if you are done with me now, I'll go to bed. But first, what is that great bump your hand is on now?'

'Philoprogenitiveness, my dear.'

'Philo-pro—Phi-lo—what?'

'Phi-lo-pro-gen-i-tive-ness.'

'And what does all that mean?'

'A love of children; the instinct of a——stop! stop! don't break your neck!—the instinct of a——of a brute mother for her offspring.'

'Oh!——is that all?'

'To be sure it is.'

'And how did you say it was with me?'

'Large—very large!'

'Well! of all the impudence I ever heard of! Give me that paper!'

'For what purpose?'

'That you'll see presently,' trying to snatch it; come, come, hand it here!'

'No, my love; not till I know what you want it for. I wouldn't have that paper destroyed for,' flourishing it in the air, and speaking with decided emphasis; 'for ever-so-much!'

'Wouldn't you, indeed! Nor I neither, let me tell you,' imitating his flourish, and speaking with a still more decided emphasis; 'no! not for a great deal more than—ever-so-much! no, no. I want it for another purpose entirely.'

'And for what purpose, dear?'

'To read off *your* character from it. So! you begin to feel frightened, hey?'

'Not much; only a *leetle kind o'*, as we say Down-East. There!' handing the paper, and stretching himself at his whole length on the sofa. 'And I hope you begin to feel a *leetle kind o'*, too.'

'Kinder! kind o' what?'

'And now that you may have a good opportunity of seeing for yourself, and of satisfying yourself, allow me to—' offering to lay his head in her lap. (6)

'No, no, if you please, not here. (7) I don't like that way of studying Phrenology. Come, come, now, be quiet!' Beginning to read from the paper. 'Be quiet, will ye!'

'Audacity—unparalleled! And here lies the organ, you perceive,' laying her hand on his mouth. 'Poh you're very much mistaken if you think I put it there to be kissed. Be quiet, I say!

'Self-complacency—very large—prodigious! Be quiet, will ye!

'Obstinacy—*unspeakable*.

'Language—*ditto*! And here lies the organ, according to all the best authorities,' covering his eyes with both her hands. 'You know you never could be persuaded to talk French, nor any thing else with your lips, worth hearing.

'Ambition—frightful, inordinate, insupportable.

'Captiousness—fair, what you call full-ish, may be?

'Modesty—wanting.

Yankeeism—unequalled.

'Piety—so, so,

'Filiativeness—umph! as you say. And all the rest of the developements in proportion! There!—there's a character for you! That was *your horror-scope*! as you call it, the first day I ever clapped eyes on you; and I must say,' escaping to the door, and stopping there, and looking over her shoulder, and mimicking his manner, 'I must say, I've seen nothing, I've heard nothing, and I can imagine nothing since, to alter my opinion—ha! ha! ha!'

'The baggage! Whew!—ew!—ew!—what a witch it is! But I *must* after her, and have an explanation with her, and put a stop to these tantrums, or abandon all idea of a YOUNG PHRENOLOGIST.' (8)

(1.) Altered by the Editor, Mr Goodrich, to—'She never knew a word of it, till the *secret broke suddenly*—from his lips, while he was asleep.' A pretty emendation, hey?

(2.) Softened, by the Editor, thus—'To be the companion of a Phrenologist'—pretty, hey?

(3.) For *feeling after* her—Mr G. will have it *pursuing her*. A prodigious improvement to be sure, and so delicate!

(4.) Mr G. omits the following, as indelicate or ungenteel—'It made him catch his breath.'

(5.) 'In your own *room*,' saith Mr G.—in your own *bed* were unpardonable about these days, hey?

(6.) For—'offering to lay his head in her lap'—the readers of the Token are requested to say, 'offering his head for *her examination*.'

(7.) And for—'not *here*,' not *so!* We acknowledge the sprightliness and significance of the emendation with pleasure. 'Not so.'

(8.) The *point*, if there is any—the sting—the whole pith and marrow of the story, which another might find lurking in the words—'Or abandon all idea of a YOUNG PHRENOLOGIST,' are left out by Mr Goodrich!—was there ever a better joke! of a truth these Editors of Annuals and picture-books are glorious fellows!

N.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

TO MY SISTER ON HER ENGAGEMENT.

What can be the matter with Fanny to night?
Her eyes, that in tears were so touchingly tender,
For twenty-four hours have been filling with light,
Till I scarcely dare meet their bewildering splendor.

You'd almost imagine a star had been lighted
Within her—a new-born and beautiful flame,
To bless with its pure ray her spirit benighted,
And smile through those eyes to which sorrow's cloud came.

What can be the matter with Fanny?—her cheek
That of late has been dimpleless, colorless, cold,
Has gathered a glow and a glory, that speak
Like an eloquent voice of a rapture untold.

What can be the matter with Fanny?—her tone
That was doubting and faint in its low melody,
As the morning ray rising thro' mist-tears alone,
Or the sound of a bell ringing soft in the sea—

Has suddenly thrilled to a richness and fervor,
A passionate sweetness, unrivalled and deep—
You would think in her heart had [illegible]
An angel,—awakened from sorrow and sleep.

It is Love! it is Love! by the joy that is stealing
Like light o'er her forehead I know it is Love!—
He has touched with his wand the wild fountain of feeling,
He floats like a spirit that fountain above.

He has kindled his star-lamp—the deathless—the pure—
Within—and her heart's hidden riches are shown—
His own seraph voice has breathed melody to her—
And her's has caught all its deep magic of tone.

Oh! still may that voice keep its sweetness and joy,
And still may that cheek wear its glow of delight,
And those dear eyes unshadowed by sorrow's alloy,
Still flash with the fondness that fills them to night.

MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES.

MESSRS EDITORS—The correspondent of the American Musical Journal, furnishes the following communication in addition to a former one republished in the Galaxy of the 19th ult, which I herewith subjoin, with a few remarks thereon. From yours J. R. P.

SIR—On the subject of Music in the United States, much might be said that would be found useful to the present generation, and a guide to the future. With your permission I propose from time to time, advising, noticing, and animadverting on various topics which I conceive will be useful to the public, and will come legitimately within the scope of your Journal.

I am an admirer of the art, and often visit you for no other purpose than to gratify that feeling. There are many very worthy and opulent citizens who argue to their sons that music is a useless accomplishment, a waste of time, and unworthy of the occupation of a man of business. Yet we find when Jockey Clubs, Billiard Tables, Cockpits, and Ten-pin-alleys were less numerous, those were the ages for the cultivation of the rational, refined, and sublime art of music. Can we now boast of the splendid Church music of other days? Do we enjoy the social amusements that were so improving to the mind in those times? Alas! I fear we cannot say we do. Did the Earl of Mornington bring up his sons, the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington, with less care because he indulged in the composition of Music? Was Dr Harrington of Bath, thought less of as a physician, or the great Herschel as an astronomer, because the one composed some beautiful vocal music, and the other was a fine violoncello player? Did Prince Frederick Louis of Prussia, who fell gallantly at Leipsic, fight with less courage because he was a splendid Piano Forte player, and composed some of the best instrumental music of his day? On what did Buonaparte depend, when on the Alps, his whole army, overcome with cold and fatigue, dispirited and discouraged, lay down in the snow to die?—Was it eloquence?—was it threats?—or was it flogging? No, IT WAS MUSIC! The happy thought of the great Captain, who called his Drum Major to him and whispered in his ear to let the band strike up the *Marsellois Hymn* which no sooner saluted the ears of the dying soldiery, than reanimated, they flew to their posts, and by the inspiring sounds of music alone, overcame an obstacle, till then never achieved by man. Such is music's power; shall we then be told that its study is loss of time—that it is unworthy the consideration of a scholar, or a man of business.

Why are we less musical than other nations? Why are we more cold to its influence? for I fear we must acknowledge this to be the case. Do we think, to encourage music by building an Italian Opera House, before we understand it when adapted to our mother tongue, or by encouraging a host of foreigners of mediocre ability, who come here with all the airs, conceit and extortionate demands of the first talent of Europe, with which we have never heard their names in any way associated? Or is it by patronising any quack who advertises to teach the whole *art and mystery* of composition in twelve lessons; or who engages to produce a Haydn, a Mozart, or a Beethoven upon the *Logerian System*; or again by teaching young ladies *taste* and *expression*, and giving them an *ear for music* on a *dumb piano forte*, which we are credibly informed is the mode practised in some of the seminaries in New York and other cities? Is not nearly all our *Church music* in every department a disgrace to the calling it is intended to ornament and assist.

The whole system of composing, performing, teaching, buying and selling is fallacious, and loudly calls for *reform*. The first step toward such a reform, that which is the foundation of all the rest, is the establishment of a NATIONAL ACADEMY, under the guidance of a *principal professor* in every department. Let a committee of merchants or citizens, who have retired from the bustle of the world, superintend it; let them engage the best talent in the country, and if that is not satisfactory, send to Europe for others, the efficient and competent are to be had by applying to the academies of Paris or London. From this will gradually flow results that will effect an entire change in the present system, or rather the want of system that afflicts our musical affairs. Some attempts have lately been made by individual professors, who dub their schools with the dignified name of academies, and appointed themselves principals, but an Institution that deserves the name is yet to be founded. The want of system and proper instruction is rendered glaringly apparent by much music being printed in this country incorrectly, distributed and ungrammatically composed. When we go to our Churches we see singing books printed with the treble staff where the tenor ought to be; choristers with one eye on the music book and the other on the hymn book. Sometimes there are different editions of the same air, the organist using one and the singers another, both often with plenty of wrong notes and indifferently adapted parts. Any interference or attempt at improvement by the organist, perhaps loses him his situation; for there is the clergyman, the vestry gentlemen, and the amateurs to please, who never harmonize in opinion. Such is our state, not 'most musical' but 'most melancholy.'

Yet we have professors enough, and good ones too, who will willingly give their *mite* to assist the *true art*, and whose abilities require but to be *patronized* into activity to meliorate the present state of things. But quackery and pretension, joined with impudence, seem to thrive, while modest merit is often overlooked. Our amateurs are cold, lukewarm, and we must add parsimonious. They think nothing of the liberality of a professional man giving his talents gratis for amusement at a friend's house, which is just giving away five, ten or twenty dollars a night, but let a professor go to a merchant, and say, *Come and spend an evening with me, and put so many dollars worth of your goods in your pocket, by way of passing a pleasant hour or two*,—he would think it a very expensive and strange mode of invitation; and yet amateurs practice this every evening on the professor with the least reflection.—The press will also demand a share of my advice for the extraordinary manner in which they laud one vocalist to the skies, for invariably singing too sharp, and another for not singing sharp enough,—and all this is taking place, while modest, well educated, and rising talent, is crushed by coldness, indifference and ignorant remark. I shall, Mr Editor, with your assistance, bring to the notice of the public, past performers, past publications, as well as those of the present day, and shall venture opinions on what is going on before us without cherishing or pledging myself to 'nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice,' but to 'be just and fear not.' Yours, A MAJOR.

REMARKS.

Whoever this Correspondent may be, we suspect he has not been in the backwoods long. He appears to know something of the existing state of things out of the woods. He handles pretty severely the compositions which he notices, but as he evidently understands the subject, his criticisms, we have no doubt, will both benefit the composers and the public. It will be a great pleasure to render the columns of the American Musical Journal instrumental in correcting the existing evils and abuses in the musical world.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at his seat at Andover, N. H. at the advanced age of 61 years, MR RICHARD POTTER.

'Alas poor Yorick! I knew him Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.' * * 'Where be your jibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?' *Hamlet.*

'Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.' *Horat. Ode iii. 9.*

THE arrows of death have fallen thickly among the ranks of the mighty of the earth! Our tears had hardly yet christened the fresh grave of inimitable MATTHEWS, when we are called to weep again over the death of dear, amusing POTTER! We could not at first realize the reality of his departure. It seemed a frightful mistake of relentless Time to cut him down: he did so adore life, and life did so adore him, we almost deemed them inseparable.

But alas! it is too true—*Potter is no more!* He is gone from among us, and the places which once knew him shall know him no more. The mellow tones of his voice are hushed to silence—his gay humor will no longer delight us. Where be those little hands so dexterous in their sleights? where be those arms, so graceful in their slightest movements—they lie stiff and cold in the grave!

'Quando ullum invenier parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.'

Yes! the customary solace of mourners is denied to us. We cannot turn from the dead to the living. We shall never have *another* Potter! We could not have spared a better man; for truly a more amusing juggler, a more skilful ventriloquist, a more faithful mimic, a more vivacious comedian, a better man, a more real Christian than Richard Potter, lives not now upon the earth. His natural powers of mind were only equalled by his consummate tact and intimate knowledge of the world.

'In him alone, 'twas natural to please.'

So also, when we call to mind the amount of curious information on intricate points of classic lore displayed in his most admirable '*Dissertations on Noses*,' can we deny that Richard Potter was a man of profound learning?—We are aware, that, as in the case of a celebrated state paper—envy has assigned to another hand, the authorship of the '*few Dissertations on Noses*,' but we have the best authority for believing that Mr Potter was the actual as well as apparent father of them.

There was a charming freshness about the public exhibitions of Mr Potter, which rendered them ever new and entertaining. His

'nods and becks and wreathed smiles'

never failed to delight, and his jokes and jibes, though of forty years standing, dropped from his expressive lips, fresh as an eagle from the mint. The writer of this article has been a constant spectator of Mr Potter's exhibitions for many years, but he can never forget the *first* night he ever saw Potter. He can never forget his stupor of wondering amazement at Potter's magical tricks, or his frantic bursts of laughter at Potter's attic wit. And, in after years, when the excitability of youth and the maiden blush of novelty had fled, he *still* laughed—he *still* admired. He never *tired* of Potter! Richard Potter *could* not tire!

But though the splendid talents of Mr Potter call for the tribute of popular applause; it is for the beauty of his private character and the propriety of his domestic life, that he especially deserves our esteem. Though constantly moving from one part of the country to the other—and constantly mingling with all classes of society and all sorts of people—he retained unimpaired his love of home, and the purity of his morals. Of Richard Potter, it can alone be truly said, 'He *did* escape calumny, though pure as snow and chaste as ice.' He was a kind father, a devoted husband, a merciful creditor, a faithful friend. Open handed and liberal to the destitute, he

'did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.'

Happy at the last, Mr Potter was permitted almost to choose the hour of his departure, to die at that ripe age when those who loved him best might have wished that he might die. The eventful pilgrimage of Richard Potter has closed, and he has entered the confines of the Dark Valley. God has changed his countenance and sent him away' But no, he has *not* wholly gone from among us:—he yet lives—he will long live, in the pleasant remembrance of his numerous acquaintance, and in the hearts of those who loved him.

PRESTO.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835.

SUBSCRIPTIONS. As the publishers have adopted an *invariable* rule, to answer no orders for the paper from persons out of the city without subscription money or a reference, no one can consider himself particularly offended by a refusal. If they forward to some, and neglect others, there would be ground for complaint—but no distinction is made.

ETHICS.

HERE'S a breeze!—but the letter following is *excellent*—and we reply to it accordingly. See notes. N.

MR NEAL.—You once said, or wrote, I forget which—'The sound of the word *justice* has always been to me as the voice of a trumpet to a warhorse.'(1) You now write as follows:

'We never pay a debt, if we can help it—after we have once been discharged by the operation of law, by lapse of time, or by the negligence of the creditor.(2) We acknowledge no *moral* obligation of the sort recognized by Mr J. B. C.; and are not very mealy mouthed about saying so. When a debt is contracted, *the law* and the *usage*, whatever they may be, and whether Constitutional or not, enter just as much into the contract, as if they were expressed in so many words. The *profit* of the creditor is a sort of *insurance*. He insures against his own negligence, and against the statute of limitations; against the death, the insolvency—ay, and against the rascality of the debtor. To repay a creditor therefore, after you are *discharged*, by virtue of a condition either expressed or implied, in other words, after you are discharged by *operation of law*, were about as preposterous a flourish, as to repay to an insurance office the money which they may have paid you for a loss of a ship, after they had pocketed your premium and been *paid* for the risk. These are *our* notions. And as *we* preach, so we practice.'

How any disciple of Jeremy Bentham,—not to say a word of a believer in the rules of Christian morality—can write or think the above paragraph is inconceivable to me. Let us leave out the question of profit(3) for in all voluntary trades profit must be supposed to be mutual—and consider a moment the *moral* obligation of which you appear to think so lightly—I say *appear*, for I am sure John Neal the lawyer, and not John Neal the man, wrote the opinion which I consider false and pernicious in the highest degree.(4)

Moral law is of high origin, and is paramount to human laws. The first arises from the nature of man in his most perfect state and most correct action. The latter is the result of imperfection and guilt. If there were no bad men, human laws would be unnecessary.(5)

Moral law requires every man to fulfil all his contracts *according to the letter*,(6) if he can—and if he cannot, as soon thereafter as may be possible, with adequate compensation for all loss his delinquency may have caused.(7) Human law is intended to correspond with this rule, and to enforce its observance in specified cases. I take it these premises will not be disputed.

The law of limitations to which you refer—so far at least as regards the six years' provisions—is intended solely as a restraint upon bad creditors—upon men who would refuse to settle an account, or demand payment, because a larger sum might be obtained in the lapse of time, than could be recovered, if the debtor were living, or if evidence had not been lost.(8) It is intended to enforce settlements in due season, so that justice may be done, and no advantage taken of death or loss of proof. The law itself, is of doubtful utility; but it clearly is intended to operate as a restraint upon bad creditors, and not for the mere purpose of discharging debtors. How is a restraint upon fraudulent creditors to be construed into a discharge of honest debtors? Only by way of punishment for the creditor for a noncompliance with an arbitrary rule of doubtful utility.

How does this punishment, provided by human law, absolve the moral obligation to fulfil all contracts in a just and proper manner, according to our best ability? You cannot answer this question according to the tenor of your paragraph above, without setting aside all conscientious and Christian obligations, and saying, 'I will not do justice—I will not yield up property which I hold belonging to another—I will not be guided by righteousness and truth—because there is a legal bar which will shield me in my wrong.' This is the true interpretation of your paragraph—and an eminent writer should be cautious in promulgating such doctrines.(9)

Let us try a case. A. owes B., but by sudden misfortune becomes wholly unable to pay.—B. not wishing to distress a poor debtor, and considering the claim hopeless, forbears to call for payment. After the lapse of six years, A. becomes, fortunately rich, and B. the creditor is reduced to poverty. The poor creditor requests the rich debtor to pay him—to give him back his own—and is answered, 'the claim is outlawed, you cannot force me to pay, and I acknowledge no obligation, but such as is backed by the arm of the law and the power of the country.'(10) Is this, Mr Neal—and I put it, not to your legal conscience, but to that power of conscientiousness, for the proper exercise of which you must account to God—is this a just answer? The execration of the community would and ought to follow such a man. Moral obligations are illimitable and eternal—human laws might as well forbid the sun to rise, as forbid man to be just—and he who would leap at the word '*justice*,' as at the sound of a trumpet, would never sneak behind a human law to avoid the fulfilment of a just and honest contract.(11) L.

P. S. To avoid misconstruction, I must say, that I know nothing of you but your intellectual power—your private affairs—whether you do now, or ever did owe a dollar—or whether you are worth one or a million—is entirely beyond my knowledge(12)—I come in defence of Justice.

NOTES IN REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

(1) No never—never! Much as we like the sentiment, we never could have been guilty of such an array of *hisses*. 'The sound of the word *justice* has always been to me as the *voice* of a trumpet to a warhorse.'—Never!—never!

(2) This might have been more carefully expressed. To embody our whole meaning, it should run thus, 'we never pay a debt if we can help it—after we have once been discharged by the operation of law, by lapse of *time*, or by the negligence of the creditor—*and* by our own *conscience*;' in other words *never* where the debt was a common business-transaction, whereby the creditor had a *profit*. Of course therefore, we do not include honorary paper—endorsements—borrowed money, &c. &c. In other words business transactions are to be regarded *not* as honorary transactions. We should not die easy, did we feel as man, and 'L.' among the number, profess to do. Once a debt, always a debt, is their motto—*till paid in dollars and cents*. If so—why do they sell at *different prices* to different persons according to their credit? Why do they ever *compound* a debt, or *pretend* to discharge a debtor? Why do they ever sell *to him* or *another* a debt of his for anything less than the face of it? If they do not mean to discharge him, what *do* they mean? If they sold the debt to a third party, and that third party, by good management and patience, or forbearance; by not lying in wait forever to snatch away the debtor's *nest-egg*, or the drop he *must* have to fetch the pump, he should get his pay, principal and interest, would they go to that third party, and appeal to *his* conscience, and talk to *him* about a moral obligation to repay them all he had received over and above what he had paid? If not—with what countenance do they go to the debtor, honest or dishonest, who has bought up his own debts? Is he to have all the risk and they all the profit?—Do they not make a new bargain with their debtors—or do they renew the old bargain—when they effect to compound with them or to discharge them, principal and interest?—Do they not calculate their chances, when they sell a debt, which they consider bad or doubtful?—if not they are blockheads. If they do, and after having so calculated, and so sold, in contemplation of those very chances, they call for another instalment, they are knaves or fools. Do they not always look to the age, health, family, business-talents, character and prospects of the debtor, *at the time of sale*—and also at the time of *discharging*, or *compounding* or *renewing* the debt?—and do they not *ask a price accordingly?* Is not the latter a bargain as much as the former? And when you talk of 'moral obligation,' *always to pay*, are you not obliged to suppose *true*, that which *never is true*—namely that goods are *always sold at the same prices*, that one man can always buy as cheap as another—and that there is *no difference in people's credit?*—If goods are sold to *different persons* at *different prices*, on credit—if one man, because of his credit, owing to wealth, character, friends, or what you please, can buy cheaper than his neighbor, then there is a difference in the *moral obligation of the debtor*. If not—and if all debts are to be paid to the uttermost farthing, then is he, who pays more than his neighbor for what he purchases, *defrauded*. Why should he pay more than another? *Pay* more—say we; for according to our theory, he may well *promise* more, and in certain contingencies *pay* more. But why should he, at all events, and under all circumstances, always pay more than his neighbor? If the risk is greater—what is that risk? and how does it arise? if the risk of loss, inability, or dishonesty be not calculated? It cannot be reconciled to good commerce, to sell or credit to A. at a higher price than to B., upon any other ground than that which we have assumed: namely—that there is no *moral* obligation, beyond the *legal* obligation of the contract—save in honorary paper, or in a few cases—here and there one perhaps—of accident or mistake.—But this is only one branch of the subject, and we must hurry to another.

(3) 'Let us leave out the question of *profit!* hey?—Leave out the Prince of Denmark from the play of Hamlet, would ye? Why man, the whole question turns upon that very hinge, *profit!* I have expressly excluded all honorary transactions, where no profit was in view of the creditor. But 'L.' cannot be a man of business, to talk about *profit* being supposed to be mutual in our present understanding of the word. The *profit* may be mutual between the assurers and the assured—in one sense of the term—though not in another. In the case supposed, it would be more proper to say the *advantage* is mutual:—*profit* is one thing—*advantage* another and a very different thing here. But how does this affect the question, whether after he has paid them for running the risk, he is under a moral obligation to run it himself?—or to indemnify them for every loss, to the uttermost farthing? In other words, after A. has bought goods of B. at a higher price, or on shorter credit than C. could have bought those very goods for—which *price* we say is the *premium* of assurance, why should A. after the happening of a loss insured against—go to B. and insist upon fully indemnifying him, principal and interest—yes, compound interest? *Profit* is one thing—*advantage*, another.

(4) No—not as a lawyer—Heaven forbid! We have too bad an opinion of lawyers, and not much better of the law. What we say therefore, we say as a *man*—yes, as a *merchant*—and not as a lawyer.

(5) To the truth of all this we subscribe.

(6) 'According to the letter'?—No.—*But according to the mutual understanding of the parties.* He must do as he would be done by—that's the law after all for your truly honest man. That every man is bound to pay his debts is true. But how?—according to the terms of the debt, or otherwise? Absolutely or conditionally? Now we say that a multitude of qualifications enter into every debt; and that all debts *in the way of business* are to be interpreted by law, usage, and the understanding of the parties. No matter whether the law be good or bad—wise or foolish—no matter what the usage may be—both enter into the contract, whether expressed or not; and both with the understanding of the parties, when you can reach it, make up the rule of right and of moral obligation. But most of the blockheads who are now prating about the word *debt* in the newspapers, have no idea what a debt is.—There is some whippersnapper for example in the Portland Courier, a *student of law*, we dare say, who after quoting Tucker about the sacredness of a *debt*—a thing we never denied—goes on to say that if as a *merchant* we entertained these opinions, it was well we left the *profession*(!)—and that here in this part of the world, they have other and very different ideas of moral obligation. All fudge!—and if the blockhead but knew what he was talking about, he would perceive that the great body of merchants entertain precisely the opinions we do, most of them however, without knowing it, and the rest without being able to justify them. And this we *prove* by the simple fact, that whenever a discharged debtor does *pay* up his old debts, principal and interest, there is outcry from Dan to Beersheba in his behalf. *Now if this were what everybody expected and* calculated on—why so much noise about it?—why so many discharges, and sales of what are called bad debts, though existing against very honest men? Nay—to settle the question at once and forever—why are men treated as honest men, or *allowed to continue members of churches*, who, after having failed in business, and compounded with their creditors, or after being discharged under the old United States bankrupt law, or by some State insolvent law, have become wealthy, and yet have not paid up the balances against them. We could name five hundred wealthy men of our country who have gone through all this, and are now, not only religious men, but honest men, and so considered by all who have lived with them. And yet—the blundering idiots, who don't like our notions, will solemnly protest that they are peculiar to ourself!

(7) This will depend upon circumstances: in other words upon the *profit*, secured to, or stipulated for, by the creditor. Else there would be no measure of damages, no possibility of reimbursement. A creditor might say to his debtor, Sir! if you had paid me at the time your note fell due, I might have entered into the land or granite speculation, or bought a lottery ticket and drawn the highest prize.—If I am 'to have *adequate compensation* for all loss your delinquency may have caused,' the sooner you shell out every farthing you have on earth, and begin again, the better.

(8) Fiddle de-dee.—as if simple interest were better than compound interest. The statute of limitations may be regarded—and is now—as a *beneficial* statute; and with more propriety might be entitled the statute for discouraging litigation and encouraging proper diligence—'L.' ought to know and probably does know, for he writes like a lawyer, and very much to the purpose too—nevertheless, we should say—that the statutes of limitation vary, as rates of interest, and prices vary? Where the risk is greatest, there the prices are always highest. Now, what constitutes that *risk?*—law, usage, the habits of business, &c. &c. in *the place* and in the particular individuals. It is a rule of pleading—this same statute of limitations, said Chief Justice Marshall—it does not effect the *validity* of the contract, it only refuses to let you enforce it. As if that were not as fatal to the *validity* of a contract as anything else could be. Indefinite postponement may not negative a bill—but how much better is it for the petitioners?—Now according to 'L.' a contract entered into at the South where three years limitation prevail—where prices are much higher—and where insolvent laws are established—may be enforced at the North, against a debtor *already discharged* by operation of law—at the North where he could have bought the same goods cheaper? And so say the lawyers? A debt being always a debt, '*according to the letter*.'—A man who owed one hundred thousand at the South might be made to pay *one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars* at the North, if you could catch him there; and a man who owed a like sum at the North, if pursued and compelled to pay at the South, would get off by paying seventy-five thousand dollars, that being near the rate of exchange during a part of the last war; the '*dollars*' of the South being paper, and those of the North being gold or silver; and there being a difference of 25 per cent. and sometimes more in their value. Such would be the judgment of a *lawyer*. But ask a *merchant* and see what he would say. You might talk as you pleased about the *lex loci*, and the rules of pleading—he would say, a debt is *not* always a debt, any more than a dollar is always a dollar.

(9) All very pretty, and well explained, but entirely misapplied. We say a debt must be paid—but how paid?—Absolutely and at all events?—No, but always according to the *terms* of the contract and the *understanding of the parties*?—the *terms* we say, whether expressed or implied—and the understanding of the parties, *as proved by established* usage; so that where releases, compoundings and discharges are the fashion, they are to be understood as a part of the established usage—as agreed to by the contract—*and as in contemplation of the parties*. How can 'L.' escape from this?

(10) A decent, clever case. But every case must be governed by its own circumstances. If the transaction was of a *business* nature—B. has no right to complain—though *poor*; nor should A. though wealthy, be visited with reproach. Suppose B. had sold his claim against A. to a third party, C. for example; and that C. had become rich, and B. poor, would that difference of circumstances change the nature of the transaction?—And suppose A. should say—I am very sorry for you my dear B.—but you have no claim upon me, and may just go about your business. 'I acknowledge no obligation, but such as is backed by the arm of the law, and the power of the country'—(ay—'L.' is a lawyer; that betrays him, the *power of the country*)—Where would be the difference between the two cases?—In the first B. throws away the debt by culpable negligence, for the law says he shall *take steps* to obtain payment within six years, and he knows it, or at any rate, if such a blockhead as not to know it, having sold his goods at the *market price*, he is indemnified even against his own ignorance, as well as negligence. Now—let us go a step further.—Suppose B. instead of selling the debt to C. should have sold it directly to A.—what difference should it make, if the purchaser afterwards became rich—whether it was A. or C.?—None in the world. And yet 'L.' would insist on A.'s paying over to the uttermost farthing all he had ever gained by a fortunate issue of the risk he had ventured upon, while he would be the first to denounce B. if *he* were to go up to A. and ask him to do the same thing. This, of itself, ought to satisfy 'L.' that there is something fundamentally wrong in his position. If 'the execration of the community ought to follow' A.—the purchaser of his own debt—why should they not follow C. the purchaser of another's debt?

(11) No, never! neither behind human law—nor perhaps behind what is called divine law; for neither would be likely to satisfy such a man. He would pay all his *debts* to the uttermost farthing, whether discharged or forgotten or not; and then, be would—if a man of common sense, as well as of common honesty, insist on perfectly understanding what a *debt* is, that he might not be silly enough to discharge no *debt*, while trying a 'preposterous flourish.'

(12) And that of most people on earth we dare say.—But the magnitude of our operations may be judged of by two or three little circumstances which have just occurred—we had been allowed to overdraw—by mistake—for the sum of *four thousand four hundred——cents*—and for the first time in our lives—had a check refused!—and that for one hundred, at a bank where we have done *all* our business for nearly five years (the Merchants' Bank of Portland) though all unused to discounts and other Bank favors—and at this blessed moment are unable to raise the wind at any Bank where we are known, for enough to buy a dinner—even upon a deposit of ten thousand dollars worth of paper, which would be thought good enough perhaps if our name were not on the back of it. The devil take all the Banks we say!—No wonder men of business complain, when we, who have nothing to do with business, and never cared a fig for all the Banks in the Universe, have been obliged to get huffy with two of them, and blow them up to their faces, for their ignorance of the first principles of Banking.—There! we hope you are satisfied now about the '*million*' we are supposed to be worth. N.

RAILROAD TO QUEBEC. The more we hear of this magnificent enterprize, the worthier of encouragement by the people of Maine as a body, and by her wealthier and more enterprising, property-holding citizens in particular, does it appear to us.—But the best route has not been surveyed. Another exists—and that other must be gone over patiently and faithfully. If we cannot have both of the gentlemen we have had hitherto, one being pre-engaged, we may perhaps make some of the others—and ought without losing a day—an hour a minute.—A report will soon be made, but we cannot afford to wait for that. This *route must be explored*—and Col Long and Mr Barnet—one or both—must do it. N.

PORTLAND EXCHANGE. We have broken ground for the foundation of this building, which, when completed, will be one of the handsomest *Exchanges* in the world. N.

STREET READINGS. Not five minutes ago, while passing a large warehouse, whereon was inscribed PORTLAND IRON FOUNDRY, we heard a man spelling at the sign with a loud voice. After having got through all the syllables, one by one, he ventured upon putting them together, and lo! the result—

Portland Iron Found-ery. N.

PEREGRINATIONS.—No. IV.

WE have several times, in our walks passed before the new American-House in Hanover street, in absolute mortification that, for the gratification of an unpardonable cupidity, the entrance to so noble a building should have been made as narrow as it is. So contracted is it, that, from appearance, two men can scarcely stand abreast in the doorway. Of course, this takes much from the general effect of the structure, and causes a feeling of sorrow and pain. We are the more grieved, because such things are evidences of that overpowering love of gain, of which Yankees are so often accused. Taste, propriety, ornament, all are sacrificed, that a few more dollars a year may be put into the pockets of the owners. 'But what,' I hear it said, 'what has a citizen to do with ornament, if it will injure his pocket? Why am I obliged to reduce my income that public taste may be gratified? The thought is absurd!' So it would be if all happiness were derived from self-gratification—if all our duties were summed up in this sentiment—all for self. But the truth is the opposite of this—our social relations yield more real comfort than the utmost extremes of self-aggrandisement. We had rather gain the respect and good will of our fellow men, than to be master of millions.

We do not know the owner or owners of this extensive structure, but instead of pursuing the reasoning which prompted them to erect it as they have, they should have said: 'By allowing but little space for the entrance to the Hotel, we give more room to the stores beneath, and they will yield a large rent—but the entrance will then look badly—every man of taste who passes by, will be mortified that a building should have been put up with so little regard to appearances. We shall be considered as niggardly, and many will laugh at us. Besides, this House is to stand for many years after we are gone—we will leave it then to posterity, a structure to excite their pride and not their sorrow.'

But the evil is now irremediable—and men of taste *will* say as they pass by—'Why was this suffered to be erected thus? Shameful—shameful!

We wish to ask if those who are erecting houses in our city, have the privilege of occupying the streets to an indefinite extent at their pleasure? Such seems at present the case, if we may judge from the piles of wood, stone and brick, which here, there, and everywhere incommode the passers by. Of course, room for the material should be allowed. But when a man takes down an old dwelling, blocks up two thirds of the street with rubbish, and then quietly sits down contented, deferring to build until the price of lumber shall come down, it is a trial of good nature and propriety which exceeds the ordinary limits of Christian forbearance; and too, when months are consumed in finishing a building, when a third of the time would suffice.—Whose duty is it to regulate this?

A friend who has perused our strictures upon the nuisances which exist in our streets, boasted in our presence a few days ago that he had left 'all sorts o' things' on the side walk in front of his store in —— street, and that his neighbor had deposited more than half his stock under the broad arch of heaven, consisting of cotton bags, boxes of boots and shoes, hides, &c. &c. &c. for years, without the shadow of an interruption. Be sure we were surprised at his temerity, and threatened a dose of the City Marshal.—*What will he do?* answered he with a sneer. We couldn't support this insult to Mr Pollard's authority, and resolved to pen the following note to him.

MR BENJAMIN POLLARD—*Marshal of the city of Boston:*

DEAR SIR—We respectfully desire to call your attention to sundry nuisances existing in the streets of Boston, which have either escaped your observation, or which you have considered it politic to overlook. The propriety of such policy we deem it proper to question. The station you occupy is one which calls for continued vigilance, observation and energy. By accepting it, you make yourself responsible for the proper execution of the laws, and nothing can excuse you for any neglect—for the moment you find for any reason whatever that you cannot execute the duties of your office, it is obligatory on you to resign. You have, we believe, two assistants. With their aid, we should think it would be easy to accomplish all that appertains to the place of Marshal. If the city does not allow you a sufficient salary, let it be increased—but *let the duty be done!*—without regard to men or the feelings of men.

You will pardon us, Sir, for thus publicly addressing you—and we hope you will attribute our interference in your affairs to right motives. We have ever deemed it the duty of the press to notice anything wherein the public may be benefitted and good effected; and we know no better method than thus informing you of what our own eyes see, and our own sense of right tells us is a violation of propriety.

In former pergrinations, and in the present, we have remarked upon various encroachments upon the general privileges of the community. We shall continue to do so from time to time—conceiving that we shall thereby be benefitting you, and fulfilling our duty to the public, and to ourselves. We pray you to use your utmost exertions to sustain the laws—for a law had better never be made, than be suffered to be broken at will. In this course all good citizens will sustain you.

We remain your obedient servant.

Never was the attention of our citizens called to the danger of erecting wooden buildings in our city more than during the fire last Thursday morning. Had the wind been in the contrary direction to what it was, the flames would have made terrible devastation—sweeping away the tinder walls around, and endangering every house in the vicinity: and yet with warnings like this staring men in the face, old dwellings, almost falling with their own decay, are suffered to remain in the most crowded parts of the metropolis. Immediate and decided action should be taken on so important a matter.

N. B. We are told that Dr Lowell's bell did not ring until the fire had been burning for a long time. It is probable that the watchman was sound asleep on the church steps. H.

MISS JANE PORTER AND MR NATHANIEL P. WILLIS. A most laughable thing has just occurred in the Commonwealth of Literature. Miss Jane Porter has published an appeal to the American people, through the columns of the *New York Star*, the paper wherein '*the grave and thoughtful abstraction*' of Mr Nathaniel P. Willis's countenance first appeared, and was probably first discovered—in behalf of the said N. P. Willis, 'our *gifted countryman*.' Nor is this all—the best of the joke is, that her certificates to his modesty, gentleness, and humility, to say nothing of other Christian virtues, going to make up a most unexceptionable character, are fortified by estimates from the familiar notes, the opinion of two other old maids, in behalf of their persecuted '*friend*,' Nathaniel P. Willis, aforesaid—notes written *to himself* by the way, in reply to a presentation copy of the poems referred to.—Was ever anything half so ridiculous?—always excepting the mission of the Reverend George Thompson to convert the South by preaching to the North—and Mr James Fennimore Cooper's account of the persecution *he* suffered by the leading powers of Europe, on account of a chapter or two—if we recollect rightly, in one of his novels. We wonder if it never entered his head to ascertain what the last Congress at Vienna really *did* come together for—and what *in fact* were the secret articles that have troubled Europe so much for the last half a dozen years. Might it not be well to be sure that they did not relate to the Spy, or to the author of the Spy?

But with regard to Mr Willis, and the 'other old maids referred' to—the collocation here was unpremeditated, but we don't see how it could well be improved—who like the purloiners of lottery tickets and wretched newspapers, 'do good by stealth and blush to find it fame,' we insist on being neither misunderstood nor misprinted. The women, whose private notes to Mr N. P. Willis, saying what they think of his beautiful poetry, are published to the world, by Miss Jane Porter—how on earth did she get them?—and *where*?—and whose was that '*sweet smile*' which so rewarded her?—did the author keep copies of them?—these women are no less personages than Joanna Baillie herself, and Miss Mitford—personages for whom we entertain a feeling as profound as would be lawful from any married man, toward any un-married woman—a feeling of absolute veneration for Joanna Baillie, and of absolute love—ay *love*—toward Maria Rusel Mitford—if that is her name. We know them both—and the whole history of both, and with the former we are personally acquainted. And of Miss Jane Porter—and her Thaddeus of Warsaw, if she was the author of that capital book—there are so many of these Porters, we are not very sure—we also entertain a very exalted opinion. And so we of Willis—our friend Willis—we have a very high opinion, as a poet, and as a letter-writer, though not as an essayist, nor as a story-teller. But just now, we pity him—ay, from our souls, we pity him.—There is a downright conspiracy among the petticoats—and at whose solicitation pray?—to furnish him with a *character*. And with a character to whom?—Why to his countrymen! to those who have known him for years, and all his little follies, and *littler* vices—for we do not believe he can be charged with any thing greater than a very pardonable coxcombry, extravagance, insincerity, and habitual untruth, *in his writings*, which of course renders what would be very affecting and beautiful in the view of a stranger, a heartless burlesque in the view of those who know him, and therefore *know* that he is not depended upon, though pretending to relate occurrences in which he participated, or to describe characters with whom he associated, *for the information of his countrymen*. We charge this to him distinctly and unqualifiedly—*he cannot tell the truth on paper*. With his other little faults or follies, we have nothing to *do*, save that they detract from his sincerity, and provoke us whenever he prattles of manhood, or duty, or pretends to be pious, and self-denying, and all that. But professing to tell the truth—he ought to be held answerable for untruth. And he shall, by us, if by nobody else. He has no right to dishonor his own genius, nor shall he with our consent.

But Mr N. P. Willis has been cruelly and *unjustly* treated by the great mass of blockheads, editorial and others, among his own countrymen. They neither understand nor appreciate his genius; even while puffing away at him, like a battery of long nines; and they know nothing of his manners and appearance, both of which are greatly in his favor. He is gentlemanly, good looking, and rather elegant; his *letter-writing* is admirable—and his poetry is among the purest and sweetest, and occasionally among the most impassioned we know of—in a small way. We wonder if Miss Jane Porter ever saw any of his epigrams about dogs' tails—or the 'phrenzied lip' of Ianthe? And as to the 'discerning few,' which includes ourself and all who think with us, but for the elegant and graceful coxcomb—whose feelings, *piety* and affections, as set forth on paper, are all counterfeit—they too, judging altogether of the man by his writings, and ignorant as the good ladies in question are of his character, would go as far, perhaps farther—*we* certainly should—in celebrating the delicate, pure, and truly *poetical* genius of Nathaniel P. Willis.

But just think of being defended at *his* age, and at the bar of a great nation, by one old maid, with certificates of *good behavior* from two other old maids!—If Willis outlives this, he will deserve immortality, and be *sure* of it.

But enough. We think highly of Willis—and everybody knows it or ought to know it, and we hope to *see*—nay almost *expect* to see him, a great ornament to our literature—notwithstanding he has been puffed by our friend Noah. But—whatever others may say, we insist on judging of the author by the man. With a house, or a shoulder of mutton perhaps, it may not be so very important for us to know the personal character of the builder or the butcher—but in the pulpit (and every writer *is there*) on the stage, and in *poetry*, it is otherwise. If we know, and cannot help knowing that the woman who plays the part of Miranda, is unchaste, what becomes of the part? So, when we read these touching appeals to Piety, and loveliness, and simplicity, and self-denial, and unworldliness, &c. &c. in a poet, if we know him to be altogether worldly and insincere, though others who do not know this, may enjoy his poetry, we cannot. What to them is purity and truth—to us who happen to know more or see farther, are beautiful and pretty. What they mistake for diamonds, we know to be stage brilliants. So much the worse, it may be, for yourselves, but being so, and being in the very nature of things, neither Jane Porter, Mrs Joanna Baillie, nor Mary Russell Mitford, nay, all of them talking and certifying together—can help the matter. N.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PAULDING'S WORKS: III and IV. Second series of Salmagundi. Harpers: New-York.

Lo! the injustice of mankind! When Salmagundi first appeared it was exceedingly popular. Now it is always referred to as a native classic, but never read. Why?—Simply because it was exceedingly overrated at first, by those who didn't know how much of it was downright imitation of Oliver Goldsmith. Now it is exceedingly undervalued—not by common consent, but by common usage, like all the ancient and renowned classics that you see ranged like forgotten crockery, on the upper shelves and uncome-at-able poker-holes of huge mahogany book-cases.—They are things to *refer* to—like folio dictionaries. They are things to talk about—but never to touch—like torpedoes and the check-strings to shower-baths and electrical batteries.

But, of those who dubbed their wits for the publication of Salmagundi, first series, *one* became greatly distinguished, the rest not so much so. Of course therefore, all the *best* things were fathered upon him; all the worst upon his comparatively unknown associates. Were those who really enjoy the first series to come together and be called upon to lay their fingers upon the passage or paper that pleased them most, and were then to look into the second series for the *first* time, we doubt if any of them could keep their countenances. And then if they were told that the second series of Salmagundi, which dropped still-born from the press, had been written *altogether* by Mr Paulding, we rather think they would feel inclined to cut one another's acquaintance. No!—no!—there never was a more palpable case of blindness, partiality and cruel injustice than is here presented. Much of the second series—say much the largest half—is quite superior to the first. Yet upon the first the reputation of Washington Irving was established forever, and that of all who aided in the work while the latter is *unknown*, and the best papers in it, unheard of, or unrecognized. Alas for the people! and alas for authors!—What blockheads they all are! But enough—Paulding is a great favorite with us, for his manliness, honesty and—yea for his very prejudices; and we glory in seeing the WORKS of any American. Those of George Washington have appeared—and if we could have our way we should write the inscription, WASHINGTON'S WORKS, not in gold and crimson upon the topmost shelf of our library, but upon the very forehead of our Temples—our monuments—and our Halls of Legislation. There are indeed the works of Judge Washington, and with the same view, look we upon the works of any American writer, who has contributed, like Mr Paulding, to the establishment of our National Independence in the great COMMONWEALTH OF LITERATURE. N.

SHIP AND SHORE: By an Officer of the U. S. Navy.—New York: Leavitt, Ladd & Co. Another contribution from a source, to which nobody would have thought of turning, but a few years ago, but which is now beginning to yield fruit abundantly and of an excellent flavor, sound, wholesome and trustworthy; not those warm checked and golden pippins of the Red Sea, which 'turn to ashes on the lips'—but something you may bite with all your strength, of a grapy, and oftentimes of a peachy flavor. Thus far had we written, out of regard to the individual who presented us with the copy, intending it for a sort of introduction to a paragraph—nothing more—when all at once it occurred to us to look over the whole book—not overlook it, as we feel obliged to do in most cases—and we therefore down pen, and up author in a more serious way than we should, if the book had reached us in any other way.

* * * * * * *

Since writing the above, we have gallopped through the whole volume and with great pleasure. It is unpretending, pleasant, faithful and calculated to stand fire. In fact there are passages—paragraphs—chapters almost in it, which deserve high praise. They are poetical—witty—and brimful of originality. The preface itself is a gem—we know of nothing to compare with it except some of our own, which—it strikes us, the author intended to have a slap at—though peradventure he never heard of us in all his life, nor of our prefaces—a kind of composition, by the way, for which we are famous, in at least two worlds. It may be accidental, but there certainly is a resemblance here—the whole is one everlasting digression—we are speaking of the preface mind ye—not of the book. That is quite another affair—straight forward—leaving a clear pathway and a bright one too over the whole extent of the great ocean it hath traversed. We have no room, or we would give this same preface at length.—Stay—come or we must, the readers of the Galaxy must have it.

In defiance of a profound maxim of my distant [illegible]—I say *distant*, because he was so far removed from [illegible] the genealogical *tree* that even a Yankee Pedlar in the remote part of the South would not, upon the score of [illegible] relationship, put up his horse and himself for more [illegible] weeks, and that must place him on a very extreme [illegible] perhaps even its shadow.—By the way—it is a little singular that these fellows of the wooden nutmeg should always know where to find a market for their nuts and [illegible] But as I was saying—in defiance of a profound [illegible] my distant relative—what a world of tender thoughts [illegible] emotions spring up in that one word *relative!*—[illegible]ings step from the magic of its circle:—uncles not a [illegible] aunts without number, and cousins a whole ship [illegible] taking a warm interest in you if rich, a pride in [illegible] learned or politically great, and never deserting you [illegible] you become poor—blessings on their sweet hearts!—[illegible]out them what would a man be, or rather, what would the world be to him?—A garden without a flower, a [illegible] without a bird, an evening sky without one lovely star. His feelings would break over his desolate heart like a [illegible]less ocean surging over a dead world.—But as I was saying—in defiance of a profound maxim of my distant relative, the author of—that word *author!*—it never had such a [illegible] meaning to me before.—It may be my imagination, [illegible] seems like a garment lined with sharp hatchel-teeth [illegible] wrapped around my naked form.—It so agitates my system, that my poor bedstead got into such a shake one night, as to take quite all the next day for it to be tranquil, and even then the tester trembles like an aspen leaf, or a pigeon, in a thunder-storm.—To see other authors—to see them tried, condemned and executed, is comparatively nothing; but to be put to the bar yourself—to hear your own sentence—to see the noose tied for your own neck, and to know that among the thousands who are gathering to witness your swinging fidgets, not one heart will throb with pity;—it is this which so agitates and confounds me!—But as I was saying—in defiance of a profound maxim of my distant relative, the author of Lacon—a book which only the wise will read, and only the wise can comprehend,—it is an intellectual mine, every thought is a diamond of the keenest edge, and brilliant ray, and where giants may work with their axes and still leave it unexplored; and yet he who owned this mine had nothing about him in keeping with it—no consistency in morals or money.—He was the most singular of men—dining on a herring, and keeping the most splendid coach in London—wearing a hat soiled and worn with years, and trowsers that betrayed at the bottom of their legs the gnawing despair of some famishing rat, and carrying at the same time in the top of his snuff-box a diamond that was itself an independent fortune,—preaching part of the year to his English parishioners, and gaming out the rest in the French metropolis.—But as I was saying—in defiance of a profound maxim of my distant relative, the author of Lacon—who I am sorry to say committed suicide—committed it too after having penned against the act an aphorism that might well have fallen from the lips of an angel;—an aphorism numbered in his manuscripts C C C, which express not only its numerical relation, but the initials of his own name, as if he had unknowingly addressed it to himself.—If there be not something more than mere coincidence in this, then there is no truth in my grandmother's manual on augeries.—And yet he committed the act;—but such is ever the inconsistency of one who has broken the balance-wheel in his moral nature.—He is like a ship, that has lost her helm—with which the winds for a time disport, then dash it on the rocks!—But as I was saying—in defiance of a profound maxim of my distant relative, the author of Lacon, which says—[illegible] I have forgotten now what it says—this is a hard case—[illegible] I was just making port—all ready to let go anchor—and I am now out at sea again in a fog—this dirty, thick weather always comes on as you near the coast—it has been the cause of more shipwrecks than all the tempests [illegible]er.—Most people think the nearer the shore the safer the ship—directly the reverse—a whale is never [illegible] sea, nor is a ship—unless an island comes bobbing out of the water like a Venus—a debut which I think in extremely bad taste.—But the *fog* begins to break, and now, as I was saying, in defiance of a profound maxim of my distant relative, the author of Lacon, which says, 'a writer who cannot throw fire into his works ought to throw his works into the fire'—I publish this book—or I allow it to escape.

Go little book, I *will* not burn thee,
Wander at will the country o'er,
And tell to all who do not spurn thee,
Thy simple tale of Ship and Shore.

Take another passage in proof:

We have a caterer who would purchase an ox for the sake of a sirloin, and a steward who would purchase an egg, were it possible, without the expense of the shell. We have a sailing-master who is seldom wrong when he conjectures, and as rarely right when he calculates; we have a commissary who would shoulder an atlas of real responsibility, and protest against an ant-hill of petty inconvenience; we have a surgeon who would kneel in worship of the beauty, harmony and matchless grace of the human form, and then dissect a Cytheran Venus to trace the path of an imaginary muscle; we have a marine officer full of professional pride and ability, but whose troops have never been paralleled since Jack Falstaff mustered his men; we have a chaplain who vehemently urges us on like an invading army toward heaven, but stays behind himself as he may pick up the stragglers; and we have over all a commander who inspires the humblest with self-respect, but retains the absolute principles of the old school on the [illegible] doctrines of the new.

The diversions of the sailor we would also give—but can't; and so with several other chapters and parts of chapters. In short, the more we see of the author, the [illegible] we like him. *The Ship and Shore* ought to be generally read—if not, alas for the public! that's all. N.

FOSTER'S ELEMENTARY COPY-BOOK No. I. [illegible]ing ourself been a Teacher of Penmanship, we take it our testimony as *an expert* will be worth having. Short [illegible] sweet shall it be however.—We think so highly of Mr Foster's Copy-Book, No. 1, that we shall adopt it forthwith for the very groundwork of all the teaching we may be guilty of hereafter—namely—that of our own babies. N.

THE ZODIAC—a new publication has appeared at Albany, at the exceedingly low price of one dollar a year. It is well-managed, well-printed, and we hope will be worthily encouraged.

P. S. We cannot think of 'posting up in our office' a sheet of newspaper puffery touching the Zodiac. We should have no room on our walls in a month, were we blockheads enough to oblige blockheads in this way. N.

THE DRAMA.

NEVER have we been better pleased with theatrical performances than during the two evenings that we have passed at the Tremont this week—Monday and Thursday. The Manager gave us on Monday an affair by Buckstone intermediate between comedy and farce—called '[illegible] Life'—got up with that uniformity, and taste which always add to the enjoyment of the spectator. It was played finely. We were glad to welcome our friend Johnson whom a better actor we never wish to see. We must rap Andrews over the knuckles for *overdoing*. He has been suffered to roam and run wild for so long, that he will have to try hard to find the right road again. We pray him to look for applause to the discriminating portion of his audience. Buffoonery on the Tremont boards cannot be countenanced—we shake our sides at him very often, but as often times our heads. Mr Smith performed as well as we ever saw him perform on any previous occasion. On Thursday we had the Woods—and while we write, their melodious notes are ringing in our ears. A full house greeted them—there was no boisterous applause, but that honest welcome which speaks true emotion. What adds to the charm of these vocalists is the grace and chasteness of their acting and general demeanor, which marks them to be possessed of true propriety and nobleness of feeling as individuals, while it adds to the delight experienced from their performances. 'Morning its sweets is flinging,' sounded in our ears, calling other days, like some sweet echo. It was gloriously sung—Mr Wood is much improved in every respect, though perhaps, there may be many who will dispute his capability to be *much improved*. And Mrs W. is the same sweet, modest charming woman—and when she began in her full, rich, swelling tones—'Once a king'—if any one had spoken to us at the moment, he would not have known what had become of himself. Her answer to the Prince 'did you think me some monster?'—'Yes—I mean no,' was the thrilling perfection of melody. 'Whence this new and pleasing flame,' was rapturously encored—and deservedly. Some of the concerted pieces we cannot pronounce upon, for not being skilled in the turnings of music we cannot properly appreciate them—it appearing to us in the climax of a quartette, all sing at a mark—to see which will make the most noise. This seems indeed [illegible] *certed*. However, we are told that they were finely executed.

Mr Brough is a very clever singer, and a fair actor, [illegible] has not a sustained strength of voice, but many of his [illegible] are very fine. There was a great outcry made against him by the New York press, but we understand it originated in *private enmity*.

Mr Whiting was very acceptable in Alidoro.

Mr Wood's 'Can I my love resign'—was enchanting.—O how this rational enjoyment was exhausted by the remembrance of the miserable trickery of Mad'selle Celeste.—Success to Mr and Mrs Wood. There is scarcely need of wishing it for them, for they will surely have it.

N. B. Forgive us, reader, for our extatics—we came away with only half our senses left. H.

☞Let us call the attention of our readers to a gem on our first page, entitled 'To my sister, &c.' It is by one of our most valued poetesses, though we are not allowed to annex her signature. It is a beautiful thing. H.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

From Europe: Revolt at Madrid. We are indebted to Messrs Topliff for the loan of the London Herald of the 26th ult, received by the ship Rockingham, arrived at Portsmouth. *Transcript.*

There has been an attempt at Revolution at Madrid. The details are alluded to as having been published in the Herald of the 25th. The private letter of the 17th, published in the Paris *Journal des Debates*, states that martial law had been proclaimed there, and was justified by the necessity protecting the Capital against the effects of private malignity, but which nevertheless had not prevented the perpetration of forty murders before two o'clock, by individuals of different parties, who seized the occasion to indulge their revenge. The Ex-Royalist Volunteers and the Urbans cut each other's throats in open day, with impunity. Two individuals, suspected of *Royalism*, were massacred in open day.—The letter expresses fears that unless prevented by the energy of the troops, massacres, conflagrations, and other deplorable reprisals, would take place during the night. The revolt probably took place on the 16th of August. It does not appear to have been very extensive, and was probably soon suppressed, if we may form an opinion from the following remarks of the Herald:

The gallant Urbanos of Madrid have had their barricade Revolution, and if the ridicules be only one step from the sublime, they certanly made that step, for never did the awful preparations for a revolutionary tragedy end in a more farcical manner. It was quite a burlesque on the barricade system, and calculated to bring it into contempt. Like most persons of braggart speech and cruel disposition, the Urbanos of Madrid are rather deficient in the essential qualities of the soldier.

Paris dates are to the 24th. It was believed there that the defeated movement of the Urbanos would strengthen the Queen's government—but the news of the disturbance in the capital, would produce, it was feared, disorders in the departments, the consequences of which cannot be foretold.

The discussion in the Chamber of Deputies still continued, and the detestable law against the Press, was occasionally denounced in eloquent terms by the most distinguished members.

The affair of *Fieschi* still commands attention. He is almost wholly cured of his wounds.

His spirits do not flag, and the only regret he expresses is, that his victims were not more numerous.—Efforts were making to implicate the Bonapartists in his crime.

The Bill to abolish imprisonment for debt has been postponed in the British House of Lords to the next session, and is deemed virtually lost.

A convict ship was lost in April last, at the mouth of the Derwent, and 132 persons perished.

DOMESTIC.

Municipal. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

Petitions of Thomas G. Phillips and others, to have Leverett street widened and accepted: of Wm Adams and others, to have Temple street widened near Cambridge street; of Thomas C. Cary and others, to have Commercial street straightened near the Railway; of Joseph Jenkins and others, to have a street opened from Court street, through the land late of Gardiner Greene and Jonathan Phillips, to Somerset street; all severally referred.

Resolve passed to widen Cross street, between Salem and Pond streets.

Also to lay out a street near the Court House now building, by taking land for that purpose from the estate of Thomas Greenleaf.

The Committee on Burial Grounds reported that they had laid out a burial ground on Thompson's Island.

The Committee on Paving, were instructed to cause necessary repairs to be made on the northerly part of Snow Hill street, near the burying ground.

An order passed, that the new Engine No 7, be called Tiger.

A new company was appointed for Engine No 14.

An order passed, to change a lease to Edmund Jackson for 99 years, to an estate in fee simple.

The Auditor of Accounts' exhibit of the present state of the various specific appropriations. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Adjourned to Monday next, 4 o'clock, P. M.

Calamitous Fire. Thursday morning, at a quarter past 2 o'clock, Mr——Morse, one of the private watchmen employed by the banks, discovered fire in the cellar and first floor of the large four story brick building on the corner of Water and Devonshire street. Before the Fire Department was mustered the building was entirely in flames. The wind was very strong, and bore the cinders and flakes of fire to a great distance, so that remote buildings were endangered. The Exchange Coffee House hardly escaped, and was only preserved by the most strenuous exertion in preventing the roof from taking fire. The property of the Reformer and Chronicle, A. H. Wood proprietor, was totally destroyed, and was not insured. Mr Fisk, the editor, has lost his all. The Atlas establishment being in a building contiguous to one that was burnt, some injury was sustained by the proprietors in removing the materials of the office. Mr Hale of the Advertiser, had four and Messrs Kane & Co had five valuable power presses in one of the buildings destroyed, and Mr C. Bowen had 1800 copies of the North American Review for the present month, and 5,000 copies of the North American Almanac for 1836 in another.

The Fire commenced in the fruit cellar under the building in which it originated, and entirely destroyed that edifice. The roof of the adjoining building, on Water street, was destroyed. An adjoining brick building, occupied by several Irish families, was partially damaged.—On Devonshire street, adjoining the steam engine, was a carpenter's shop, from which nothing was saved, and a shed in the rear, adjoining a wing of the Exchange.

It also destroyed, on the same side of the street, a three story brick building, owned by the heirs of Mrs Langdon. Another three story brick house, occupied by several Irish families, was badly damaged, and a brick building occupied by John Fleming, marble polisher, was destroyed.

On the west side of the street, it burnt the building on the corner of Water, owned by William Boardman, insured. Extending along Devonshire, it destroyed two brick buildings also belonging to Wm Boardman, insured, and occupied by Irish families; a brick building belonging to Harvard College, and occupied by Lemuel Blake, Agent for the Boston Chemical Printing Co, on the first floor, (insured) and Henry Bowen, printer, in the chambers; a four story brick building, owned by Stephen Codman, and occupied by Wm Marsh, bookbinder, (insured) by Mr Hart, as a printing establishment, (loss $1500—no insurance) and on the lower floor by a provision dealer. The actual loss of property cannot be easily ascertained—probably it does not exceed $90,000. Mr Davenport, of the Exchange Coffee House, will suffer a loss of $500 to $600 damage done to carpets and furniture.

The fire would undoubtedly have spread on Devonshire street to State, and on water to Washington, if its progress had not been arrested in each direction by *Iron doors.*

At one time the gutter and eaves of Spear's Buildings, in Congress street, was on fire, and burnt with alarming power some time, before it was extinguished, to the great terror of the occupants and neighbors.

The Fire Department had a laborious task to perform, but it was done cheerfully, and with their customary vigor. We subjoin a memorandum of the loss which will be sustained by Insurance offices:

Firemen's Office $10,000, National 5000, Mutual 5000, Merchants 4000, Protection 4500, American 3000, Manufactures 4000, Fire and Marine 2000, Franklin 1500, Ocean 1500: total, $40,600.

A Mr. Lemuel Jordan was convicted last week at the Supreme Court in Lincoln co. Me. of an assault with intent to kill, by stabbing his son! Sentence, nine years in the States Prison. He was intoxicated at the time.

The splendid steamboat Massachusetts, designed to run between New York and Providence, is to be launched at New York, from the ship yard of Messrs. Brown and Bell, on Thursday next.

The Mercantile Journal states that a clergyman from the country, who undertook to officiate in one of the churches in this city on Sunday last, absolutely fell asleep in the pulpit, and kept the congregation in suspense about half an hour before he got through his nap! A bad example this to his 'hearers.'

Fire. On Tuesday evening, 22d ult, at about half past 8 o'clock, our village was roused by the cry of fire, and by a ruddy light proceeding from a barn belonging to Mr A. P. Megrath, and connected by sheds with his house on one side, and with that of E. Alvord, Esq.—The combustible materials in the barn burnt like a torch, and by the time the citizens were assembled, the adjoining dwellings seemed to be in the most imminent danger. The connecting sheds and out-buildings were immediately pulled down,—lines were formed to the nearest wells, and after strenuous exertions for nearly an hour, the fire was got under without having extended farther than the barn.—*Greenfield Mercury.*

Fire. The dwelling house of Samuel Wilson, Esq. of West Cambridge, was entirely destroyed by fire, together with its contents, on Sunday, between 11 and 12 o'clock. The fire caught while the family were at church, and had progressed so far when it was discovered, that not a particle of furniture was saved. Loss estimated at $5000—no insurance.—*Post.*

On Monday as a son of Mr James Shepherd was playing at the depot of the Lowell Railroad, he got on to one of the cars just before the train started, and from fright or some other cause he fell off, and a car ran over him, injuring him so badly that he died after about four hours of extreme suffering.

Serious Accident. On Tuesday afternoon, as Mr. Wm. Perry was driving the celebrated Providence horse, Black Joke, down Beacon street, in a light wagon, the breeching broke, and the wagon running upon the horse, he bolted and overturned the vehicle. Mr. Perry, with the seat, was tossed eight or ten feet in the air, by the suddenness of the movement, and falling to the ground was severely wounded. His right temple, shoulder and side, were most shockingly bruised, and his left hand completely crushed. He was for a time deprived of his senses, and but little hope is now entertained of his recovery. Two gentlemen, who witnessed the act, went to his assistance, and a carriage fortunately passing at the moment he was placed in it and carried to his brother's residence. The horse cleared himself from the wagon, and ran with frightful rapidity over the Western Avenue, but was retaken without injury.—*Transcript.*

Brutal Driving. Wednesday evening as Mrs George Carver was crossing School street, a drunken fellow who was driving a gig, passed furiously along, and before Mrs Carver could escape, caught her between the wheel and the shaft, and bore her along nearly twice the length of Mr Ballou's Church, when she fell, and the wheel passed over her, leaving her nearly senseless. The drunken brute drove on without stopping to learn what mischief he had done, and Mrs C. was carried, by two gentlemen who ran to her assistance, into Mr Robert Knott's shoe store, and was found to be most severely bruised and wounded. That she escaped with her life may be deemed miraculous. An attempt was made by some young men to apprehend the man in the gig, but he drove too rapidly to be overtaken or stopped.—*Ibid.*

Noble Generosity. When the fire was at its height Thursday morning, a tradesman occupying a store near the premises, packed up his goods, and whilst getting ready to move them if necessary, remarked that he would give fifty dollars to any one who would insure his *fixtures*, valued at $500. A gentleman of wealth who was present, accepted his offer; but the building was not destroyed—and this morning at sunrise he sent a note to the party insured, congratulating him upon his escape, and making him a present of the premium of insurance.

From the South. By the Steamboat Wm. Gibbons, at New York, we have Charleston papers to Saturday evening.

Thompson, the notorious free-booter in the Mexican Gulph, and Captain of the sch. Corree, has been captured by the sch. San Felippe, Capt. Hurd, who first discovered him firing upon brig Tremont, assisted by a Mexican armed sloop.

The Steamboat Don Juan burst her boiler about 27 miles above Mobile city, on the 15th ult.; the engineer, whose name was Henry Underwood, was killed, and several passengers badly scalded.

One of the McGrews who committed a most savage murder in Mobile, in April last, and for whose arrest a large reward was offered, has been traced to Texas, arrested and brought back to Mobile.

The damage by the gale of September 18th, is not so great as was at first supposed. A mail-boy and horse were drowned at Port Royal Ferry, near Beaufort, on the 18th.

The yellow fever has made its appearance at New Orleans.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, William Bartemus to Susan Wright; Elijah C. Kilburn to Hannah S. Upham; Levi Mann to Mary Ann Gilbert; Henry S. Burr to Sarah F. Burr; Albert F. Dow to Frances Johnson; George D. Wise to Sarah B. Cushing; Daniel Cummings to Harriet Webster; Daniel P. Marble, of Leicester, to Elizabeth Greenleaf Hawes; Patrick O'Neil to Mary Jane Riddle, of Jamaica Plains; Horace Murdock to Sarah Harris, of Plymouth, N. H.; Hosea Winchester to Emeline Robbins; Charles Whipple, of Newburyport, to Mrs Rebecca King, of Salem; George G. Spear to Deborah S. Noble, both of the Warren Theatre; Hiram Folsom, of Portsmouth, N. H. to Susan H. Curtis.

At Cambridgeport, Charles S. Pearson, of this city, to Eliza Ann Dodge; James W. Greenwood, of this city, to Mary Ann Douglass; James Thwing to Lydia L. Estabrook; George W. Houghton, of this city, to Juliana A. Coolidge.

At Chelsea, Daniel Spooner to Adeline Bray, of Gloucester.

At Beverly, Emerson C. Whipple, Esq. of Charlestown, to Hepzibah P. Trask.

At Southborough, Samuel Howe, of Marlboro' to Mary Fay.

At Bristol, R. I. Dr Lemuel W. Briggs to Sarah Page, of this city.

At Edgartown, Benjamin Ripley to Elizabeth P. Tuckerman, of this city.

At New Durham, N. H. Luther Drew, of this city, to Mary Hilton.

At Antrim, N. H. Leonard Marshall, of this city, to Mary Woodward.

In Marion County, Mississippi, H. Henninger, aged 104, to Mrs E. A. Peak, aged 83.

DEATHS.

In this city, Caroline Cooley, 17; after six hours of extreme suffering, being run over by the cars on the Lowell Railroad, Elisha B. son of James Shepherd, 7; Hannah, widow of Dr John Jeffries, 71; William Smith, formerly of Barre, Vt. 24; Nancy, wife of Job Tirrell, formerly of Quincy, 40.

At Charlestown, George Crafts, 24.

At Cambridgeport, Eliza, wife of Stephen Baker, 48.

At Newton, Miss Eleanor W. Richards, 33.

At Lexington, Jonathan Lawrence, 61.

At Andover, N. H. Richard Potter, the celebrated Ventriloquist, &c. 61.

At Douglas, Me. Pliny Carpenter, 39; and his wife Maria, 21; they both died at the same moment.

At South Kingstown, R. I. Hon Elisha R. Potter: he was for several years a member of Congress, and for more than twenty five years a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island.

At Portsmouth, N. H. Joseph Sherburne, Esq. one of the Selectmen, 56.

At New York, Rev William McMurray, D. D. Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, in Market street, 51.

At Schenectady, N. Y. Daniel Martin, Esq. President of the Mohawk Bank, 58.

In Bucks County, Pa. Col William Linnard, of the U. S. Army, 86.

At New Carthage, La. Edwin Henderson, late of this city, 22.

At Nashville, Tenn, Willie Blount, formerly Governor of that State, 67.

At Key West, Capt Thomas Mann Randolph, of the U. S. Revenue Service, and formerly of the Navy.

At Mobile, John Elliott, Esq. U. S. District Attorney.

At Havana, Noel Clark, of this city, about 26, son of the late Joseph Hill Clark.

At Exeter, Eng. James Paddon, Esq. Sub-Chanter and Organist of the Exeter Cathedral, and brother of John Paddon, of this city. He had presided over the Cathedral Choir 32 years.

In the Pacific Ocean, on board ship Courier, of New Bedford, July 6, Elisha P. Leighton, of this city.

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

DAY & EVENING SCHOOLS

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER, continue their DAY SCHOOL, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English Education.

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid by Mr Baker to those who wish to fit for the Counting Room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their EVENING SCHOOL, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

NEW WORKS.

A NEW supply of Lawrence on the Diseases of the Eye, and Mackintosh's Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic.

Life of Sir Walter Scott, with critical notices of his writings, by George Allan, Esq. which is commended as one of the most attractive books of its class published for a long period, is now published in Waldie's Library. Subscriptions to present volume, of which seven numbers are published, $2,50.

Parley's Almanac, for 1836, is now ready for delivery to the Trade and others. This work is designed to be continued, from year to year, and to be a pleasing manual to all ages. It contains nearly 100 pages of useful and amusing matter, with neat illustrations by wood engravings, and should be preserved as of permanent value. The Publisher has already received many flattering notices of its design and contents. S. COLMAN,

sept 12 20, Cornhill.

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati praeponenda sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

FRANCESCA CARRARA. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. GOULD'S POEMS—New Edition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

SCIENTIFIC CALIGRAPHY
AND QUILL SHAVING,
TAUGHT IN
☞SIX LESSONS, OF ONE MINUTE EACH!!!!☜

MR ANTHONY AUGUSTUS ST OMER, A. N. Q. recently from the Celestial Empire, and late Grand Panprothonotoral Amanuensis to HIS MIGHTINESS TA-RA TWANG, of CHINA, Inventor of the genuine *Chrusion Pepuromenon Ek Puros*, has just arrived at Boston, (on a short visit) and solicits licence to enunciate unto the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has migrated to this city from motives purely philanthropic, in order, if possible, to correct the chirographic abominations of its inhabitants, and to exalt the indigines from the chirographic obscurity in which they are at present profounded.

The most obtuse capacity cannot possibly succumb in perceiving the transcendently intellectual and physical advantages of HIS unique and marvellous invention, which is a steam engine of the most mirific endowments. This will not be questioned when the obstupifying fact is related, that many *blind*, as well as *deaf* and *dumb* pupils have, after SIX LESSONS, of one minute each, composed and written the most astonishing productions, which man in a degenerate age has been known to emit!!

Those Ladies and Gentlemen who can *already* produce crude diagrams, miscalled 'writing,' are, in the brief space of *two* lessons, initiated, instilled and perfected in the pe-ne-cleusinian mysteries of this elegant accomplishment.—Mr St Omer deems it totally unnecessary to inform the citizens of this liberal and enlightened city, how entirely disinpicent it will be in them to reject this favorable opportunity of attaining an art which no one should be without.

From among the numerous testimonials, which the learned and good of every clime have eagerly showered upon him, he selects the following:

From the Rev Thomas Snooks.

Mr St Omer's recommendations are of the most exalted order. His specimens of improvement are marvellous; and all those who wish to be taught his mysterious art in the brief space of *six minutes*, should apply without delay; to sum up all in a word, Mr St Omer has discovered the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable immaculate '*chrusion pepuromenon ek puros*.'

From Professor Jenkinson.

I have carefully examined the *principles* of Mr St Omer's system, and make no hesitation of giving IT my most hearty commendation: My cousin's most intimate friend also declared that he was informed the *Chrusion* was unsurpassed.

From the Rev Mr Hoax.

I have examined the *system* of Mr St Omer's penmanship. The style is peculiar, his certificates of its superior efficacy abundant, and the specimens of improvement, *if genuine*, astonishing. If any person wishes to acquire this invaluable art in *six minutes!!* now is the time.

From Deacon Credulous.

Mr St Omer has taught several members of my family to write magnificently in six minutes, and I therefore confidently recommend him to the patronage of the public.

From the President and Professors of Sacarap College.

The undersigned have witnessed with pleasure and amazement the miraculous change effected in the handwriting of the students of this institution, after *six minutes* practice upon Mr St Omer's improving process, and, having been themselves initiated into the mysteries of quill *shaving* in the course of one minute, they confidently, cheerfully and unhesitatingly recommend Mr St Omer's system as highly superior to all others hitherto promulgated.

*** Merchants and Strangers are finished and perfected in three minutes if required.

☞ Specimens of improvement manufactured to order.

sept 26

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET,

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars &c

sept. 19 GEORGE W EDMANDS.

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,

july 25 414 Washington street.

THE ALEXANDRIAN.

NO 27, containing the conclusion of Madame de Staël's Influence of Literature upon Society; Reflections on Suicide, by the same author; and the commencement of Mason on Self Knowledge, to be completed in the next No. Just received by SAMUEL COLMAN,

aug 29 18 & 20, Cornhill.

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

ON and after Monday, 24th August, and during the remainder of the season, the Cars will

Leave Boston at 7 A. M. Leave Lowell 7 A. M.
" " 11 A. M. " " 2 P. M.
" " 5 P. M. " " 5 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

august 22 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

RICH SILKS & MERINOS.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles*.

3 cases extra super LAMA MERINOS—colors, bronze grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, byron, mulberry, fawn, drab, ashes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange, black.

4 cases ENGLISH MERINOS, all colors *very low*.

5 " English and French CHINTZES, some new and beautiful styles;

3 bales White Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine*;

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Hdkfs. a very desirable article for the season;

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths, of fashionable shades; Buckskins, ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and col'd Table Cloths; VELVETS; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Hdkfs. in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices*.

sep. 26 istf

NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c, 3 volumes.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.

The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with nine engravings.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, Esq. in 2 volumes.

Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and facete of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street. sept 25

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

CHAMBERS'S
EDINBURGH JOURNAL,
PART X.

THIS popular Family Journal, which has a circulation of nearly 260,000 copies monthly, is republished in this country at the low price of $1,50 per annum, or 12 1-2 cents a monthly part of 32 quarto pages. Part X. containing 54 articles, just received.

Waldie's Library, Part 2, No 12, for 1835.
Blackwood, Metropolitan and Foreign Quarterly, No 28
Scott's Complete Works, No 42.
Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Part 54.
British Critic, No 35.
American Quarterly Review, No 35 for September.
Catholic Magazine and Review, Nos 54 and 55.
Library of Useful Knowledge. Nos 187 to 191.

Received and ready for delivery by *SAMUEL COLMAN*, 20 Cornhill. sept 26

BOAS! BOAS!! BOAS!!!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.

sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand. JOSEPH L. ROSS,

august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.

feb7 JOY'S BUILDING, ROOM, No. 24.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 195 Washington Street

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city

Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,

Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.

may 2

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.

june 6

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principal Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

MATTRESSES, FEATHER
BEDS, TICKING, &c.

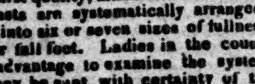
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

june 27

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23



READY MADE.
CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, alters and repairs, Combs in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice. All work warranted. tf may 23

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,

33 Washington st. august 29

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents, of the work, MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

COCHRANE'S
FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the above-named works without thus obtaining duplicates of any.

S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.

june 20

JOHNSON'S MEDICO CHI-
RURGICAL REVIEW,

AND Journal of Practical Medicine—No 60, of this valuable Journal, just received by SAMUEL COLMAN, 18 and 20, Cornhill. aug 29

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.

april 4

NOTICE.

REAL Estate and Intelligence Office, under No. 1, Washington street, head of Dock Square. The subscriber will devote his whole time and attention to the execution of any orders with which his friends and the public may favor him in the above business and refers to Messrs John D. & M. Williams.

JEREMIAH FOSTER.

N. B. Those who are in want of help will please leave their orders as above.

FOR SALE—A genteel three story brick dwelling house, situated on Salem place; the terms of payment will be made easy.

WANTED, to purchase or rent a small dwelling house, in a respectable neighborhood in the vicinity of Hanover street.

Also, waned, a coachman, two men to tend bar, three men in private families, and an ostle sept 19

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 1mis august 22

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

THE CRUISE
OF THE MIDGE.

BY the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log' &c. New series. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 22

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,

march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

COPLAND'S
MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.

april 4 3m

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 18 is3m

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

OF Useful and Entertaining Information, contains a large variety of most useful and interesting matter with beautiful illustrations, by wood engravings.

No's 5 and 6, just issued, contain, among other original and selected articles, an engraving of the method of teaching the blind, with a particular account of the N. E Institution. The work is continued monthly, at $1 per year. S. COLMAN,

General Periodical and Book Publisher.

aug 29 Nos 18 and 20, Cornhill.

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)

CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;

Cases 30 in. do do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior,
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.

Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric. *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and the number of the edition. H. HASTINGS WELD.

*** Subscriptions received by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the BOSTON PEARL, No 19 Water Street. sep 12

FANCY PRINTING,
CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE
GALAXY OFFICE.

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.

may 16 istf

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palettes: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Nataleusis, Tigridia Couchiflora, &c.

june 20

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

APPROVED
SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated; also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston, 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work, all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

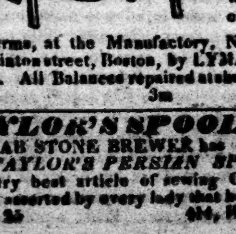
☞The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. copis3m may 30

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, Washington-street.

NIAGARA.—BY DR. J. RODMAN DRAKE.

"An ocean falling over a mountain."
Modern Travels.

ROAR, raging torrent! and thou mighty river,
Pour your white foam on the valley below;
Frown, ye dark mountains! and shadow forever
The deep rocky beds where the wild rapids flow.
The green sunny glade and the smooth flowing fountain,
Brighten the home of the coward and slave,
The flood and the forest, the rock and the mountain,
Rear on their bosoms the free and the brave.

Nursling of Nature, I mark your bold bearing,
Pride in each aspect and strength in each form,
Hearts of warm impulse and souls of high daring,
Born in the battle and rear'd in the storm;
The red levin flash and the thunder's dread rattle,
The rock-riven waves and the war-trumpets' breath,
The din of the tempest, the yell of the battle,
Nerve your storied bosoms to danger and death.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

NO. IX.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

YORK, JUNE 11, 1835.

I am now in what was once the Northern Metropolis of England,—where the Barbarian and the Roman have had alternate sway,—where the Roman standard has been planted, and the Roman Emperor has lived, and where the feudal Lord has summoned his vassals and his *villains* for watchful contest. The dead of many centuries here lie commingled. Britain, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Pict, Scot, and Norman have had here divided sway. The blood that has been spilt in battle around its walls for their possession would flood this little river Ouse, that now runs through the city. Who would have thought that this now at best but an ugly town, with many shabby houses and narrow streets, could ever have been thus erected, thus made a Roman capital, as it was, vieing so much in splendor with 'the lone mother of Empires' on the Tiber, as to be titled *Altera Roma!* A Roman Palatium was here—here yet are Roman tumuli that even time cannot tumble down, and the ruins of Roman Towers and Roman Walls:—and here too, were temples for Roman Idols; and Bellona, and Woden and Thor, were worshipped long before the Christian God was known in the aisles of the towering and massy Cathedral before me.

I left London on the 15th, after but a short tarry. The heat and smoke together were far too much for me, after I had so long been breathing the pure air of the ocean, and I therefore determined to make my trip into the country in the company of a friend from Connecticut. I left London in a Steam Boat for Hull, in the early morning, when perhaps for the only hour, there is silence in this vast den of human beings—a silence then unbroken save by the degraded woman returning from her revelries, or the start of a solitary Cab-man who is slumbering on his post, seeking, watching for early employ. The streets then are empty. A wandering police-man in his dark uniform, may be seen, or an early-rising news-monger,—but one feels as if he were in a vast charnel-house, and that the few moving spirits were but the spirits of the dead. After riding near three miles in a Cab towards the Steam Boat, a boatman with his ticklish wherry, skilfully twirling himself in the tide, landed us safely on the Boat then fastened to buoys in the stream,—fastened as almost all vessels are here,—which seldom or never are on the banks of the river, but fastened in ranks side by side, bow and stern, to buoys fixed fast in the river, so that there is a free passage on either side of them. This is necessary to preserve order amid such fleets, else in such narrow navigation, there would be no passing at all. The Tower was in our sight, and we passed this ancient home of the kings, and the more modern Prison of freemen. Anon the famous London docks were in view,—those immense reservoirs of water made for the reception of whole fleets of ships—and then every FORM and variety of building,—every form and variety of water craft too,—one thick confusion of Commerce, as if the trade of the whole world was clustered here. I cannot understand the art of such various navigation as this. We wind snake-like in mysterious contortions. We turn and return—dodge and pause—and yet we are safe, and all is safe about us, though the wake of the boat, and the swash of the paddles produce a wild disturbance of the water. The best 'whip' could not guide his horse more skilfully,—and were a pilot not thoroughly acquainted with his art, he would smash to pieces half of the craft in the river, and himself with them. As we went down, there seemed for miles to be but a succession of buildings and of shipping. Many of the quick and light steamboats that ply on the Thames passed us, moving at a rate yet more rapid than we moved, in spite of the law and the fine, for they make up in the increase of passengers what they lose in fines. Some of the boats were well built, and pretty for such a navigation. Among them was one called the Sylph, of a sylph-like form, and painted in a sylph-like manner; but, generally speaking, they would not compare with ours in neatness or beauty, employed for like purposes, dark, black monsters as they were, saturated with smoke and grease.

I was right glad to be free from the smoke and heat of London, so smoky, that your bed room, in the morning was full of it, and in so heavy an atmosphere, that the soot of the chimnies will blacken your shirt collar as if you had been living in a coal-pen,—so hot too, that New Orleans would almost lose her patent right for hot weather, (a very unusual circumstance however, and one which the inhabitants so mourned over as to show they had never felt much of the like.) I was right glad once more to see the phosphoretic foaming of the salt water, and to breath the ocean-air as we neared the mouth of the Thames. But even there vessels were thick, almost as thick, as ever,—and when they were anchored—as they were not anchored in rows, or in any order, but in the common way, the navigation, (say at Gravesend) was more difficult than ever. At last we were off in the German ocean, and incident was over, save that in one of the thick fogs for which the English coast is so remarkable, we passed a large English frigate in tow of a large Steam ship bound for some southern port. In thirty four hours from London we were in the Humber, passing up a not very interesting shore toward Hull, or Kingston on Hull,—uninteresting, save the wind-mills, which stretched in lines all along the banks of the rivers, and the steam boats which were numerous even here. I did not stop at Hull, we could not contract with the tide for a halt. An election for a member of Parliament was going on here,—and some of the boatmen, who came off to us, were cursing some great man for '*turning blue*,'—blue being the insignia of one of the great parties here, as yet I don't know which, and as yet, I won't inquire, for I now pass for a John Bull,—and if I make such an inquiry, displaying such ignorance on such an important matter, forthwith I shall be set down as a foreigner. But *turning blue* has something monstrous in the boatman's eyes, though turning blue here is evidently a different thing from the *turning blue* of America. Hull has a dock too, and some American trade, to say nothing of the whale fishery it carries on, in which it excels any other place in England. But Hull was soon out of our sight, and by dark we were at a place in the river Ouse called Goole,—a little town just springing up with a dock too, and many ware-houses on the bank of the river. The next morning, we left Goole in another steamer, and were going yet further up the Ouse. Here the river began to be so narrow, that an American would hardly think it navigable, and indeed it would not be even to an Englishman, were it not for the strong tide. But the river was full of vessels of all descriptions, many as mere river vessels trading to and from Hull curiously constructed. Soon we came to Selby, a town of some importance, whence there is a Rail Road from the Ouse to the manufacturing town of Leeds, whence there is a canal to Liverpool, thus connecting the North sea with the Irish sea—Hull with Liverpool. By and by a Rail Road will be completed—now under way—to connect Newcastle with Carlisle—the Tyne with the Solway Frith. Thus in the way of Rail Roads, the English are 'progressing'—but of these new young as we are, we probably have ten miles or more to their one already made, and fifty miles to their one under way, or at least, under contemplation. The scenery—the landscapes all along the banks of this little river, are very beautiful. Highly cultivated, and highly adorned, are the lands, not so much so to be sure as in other parts of England, but quite enough to please an American eye. We met parties of pleasure in other steam boats, with music and flags,—as happy on this little rivulet as if they were on the magnificent Hudson. Meandering and crooked enough, even rivalling the Raritan, was the river, the more we ascended,—now running us backwards, and now shoving vessels more forward than we, yet behind us. Some miles below York, there is a lock on the Ouse to keep the water in, so as to make it navigable for boats and little steamers. Anon the lofty towers of the far-famed York Minster were in view, starting, as it were, from the earth to the heavens. Soon we passed the Bishopthorpe Palace, which is quite on the banks of the Ouse,—an edifice built about the year 1230, now belonging to the see of York, with pleasure grounds, and all the other accompaniments of a palace. In a few minutes, the beautiful promenade on the banks of the Ouse near the city of York itself, and open to all its citizens, was at the side of our steamer. What a praise-worthy taste this is of the English, this love of trees, and flowers, and walks! Here are long rows of lofty elms trained over a walk, and with their luxuriant foliage forming an avenue that much resembles the long vista of a Cathedral, all open to all the people—planted by their ancestors for them, now just a century ago. We passed Clifford's tower, the work of William the Conqueror in 1068, standing upon a mound thought to be the artificial work of the Romans. Here is an idea of antiquity, for Clifford's Tower is naught but an interesting ruin.

All I could think of, however, was the Cathedral whose colossal towers had long been in my eye—the far-famed York Minster, as I have called it before, the wish to see which was one of the earliest of my youth,—for if any one has a hunger and thirst after such sights, it is an American, who can never appease such a hunger at home. I left the steamer, with my friend, baggage and all, and we rushed toward the Tavern that had so much captivated our eyes far down the Ouse. I can describe no such thing as this. I can tell you how long, how wide, and how high—but such an overpowering mountain of rock thus regularly hewn out, thus regularly piled up, thus sculptured and carved, the eye must see for the mind ever to feel the magnitude of the undertaking. The first question in the reveries of the spectator is, who can have put together on this plain such a mountain for a church—it must be the growth of centuries. It must take the wealth of worlds. And then a long train of reflections arises—of the power of the Catholic Priests to extort such labor in the darker ages from the rude and poverty-stricken peasant obedient to his control,—or if not from him, from the refined baron or king who feared a God that he did not know. Such a work now, it is said, could not be erected without a sum nearly as large as the whole annual expenditure of the government of the twenty-four United States, nor in less than fifty, or even one hundred years. The estimated expense of merely repairing it, after the lunatic Martin destroyed all the carved oak wood by setting fire to it in 1829, was nearly 325 thousand dollars. We could not tarry long to look at the outside of the majestic pile, for the view is but a narrow one at its base, huddling around as there do, so many miserable buildings in narrow streets;—and our curiosity too was rapidly urging us on onward and inward. The door was opened and I pushed by its guardians. By heavens, it seemed as if it was not *made*,—but as if the very stone had *grown* up in trees, and tracery, with arms inlocked with arches,—as if some day or other, upon some rows of mighty oaks then filled with men and kings,—a sudden petrifaction had come, and left all as they were for ages,—for here are columns resembling trees, images, resembling the men of ancient days, and the kings from William the Conqueror to Henry the sixth, all in a stone screen, as large as life, carved not as if it were the work of man, but as if they had stood there when they died with their royal insignia on, and *became* stone! I feel as if I had left the land of the living, and was already in the abyss of the dead. Even the echo of my footsteps along the aisle and the vault, disturbs me, for I seem to tread on holy ground. There is a sad solemnity overcoming one—an awe that makes him speak in whispers, and tread the pavement with a fear. I moved cautiously along the nave and transept (the cross aisles of the Cathedral.)—I went into the choir and gazed at the lofty organ and its immense pipes. I started with astonishment at the height; stretching windows of stained glass representing I know not how many saints of the Calender—the first I had ever seen. I wandered among the tombs, and the monuments upon them—but this new sensation was soon over—thus do we rapidly change,—and a new one came upon me.

The service of the day was about commencing in the Cathedral, and one of the officers delivered us to the care of a guide, who, after we had listened a while to the sounds of the organ as they swelled and rolled from aisle to aisle, and from pillar to pillar, renewing yet more warmly all the solemnity such a scene is calculated to inspire,—began his operations of guidance. Our guide though of the Cathedral, was one of those men who have but a single knowledge—a single idea,—and this so magnified, so ever effervescing, that he bursts whenever he delivers it. 'You must admire,' he commenced 'You *must* admire gentlemen'—with all the gravity of an owl—while I was oppressed with admiration, which from that moment was turned to ridicule—'you must admire,' with a yet louder voice, the more he repeated it—'that incomparable vista of 524 feet in length.'—'You must admire,' he went on, 'that majestic window 75 feet high and 32 broad—the grandest object of admiration in the world!' Whew?—for this was said with a flourish unequalled even by Mr. McDuffie's best, even in his greatest oratorical spasms. And by this time, as my companion was in convulsions of laughter—I can assure you I was in no condition to admire any thing at all. But, he continued, aroused by the importance of his office—'you *must* admire Gen-tle-men, the amazing solidity of these clustered piers, and the vastness of the span of the arches,' and all this too, with a rotundity of enunciation that made me roar out-right with laughter. The honest guide believed that the greater the spasms into which he threw himself, the greater would be ours, and so he continued to have these spasmodic oratorical affections till the whole Cathedral was served up in regular order. In the same tone, he gave us the measurement of the organ, which, it appears has 4500 pipes.—One can judge then what glorious Musical Festivals there are at times, within the walls of the Cathedral, with 600 vocal and instrumental performers as there have been—all at once—and what a crush of choruses this must make—and what melodious long drawn notes of softness through such a space! Our guide took us into many other parts of the Cathedral among the monuments—into the crypt—and showed us the wonderful reflection of the stained windows over its entrance,—but I will not weary you with more particulars after I have spoken of the Vestry. There, in this antique room, he showed us a silver Crosier that the queen Dowager of Charles II, brought from Portugal—then a large ivory vessel called Ulphus's horn, a drinking horn belonging to this prince, by drinking wine from which before the altar of God, enfeoffed this church with all his lands and his revenues—by which relic the church holds valuable lands to this day. Then he set forth a wooden head found in the grave of an Archbishop—silver chalices also found in Archbishops' graves—a canopy of state carved over the head of James I. when he visited York, but, which was the most interesting—an antique chair that used to stand within the rails of the altar, in which several of the Saxon kings were crowned, and which Richard III. and James I. were also crowned,—a chair that bears about it all the marks of time, for were it not fastened together by bars of iron, it would have tumbled to pieces long ago.

After this display of antique relics, we dismissed our grandiloquent guide, and ascending 273 steps came to the summit of what is called the Lantern Tower, on which in 1666 a turret of wood was erected to serve as a beacon to alarm the country if the Hollanders or French should attempt a landing. The turret is gone now—and hence we had the whole range of the summit—a view of the grand pile under our feet, the red tiles of the dwellings of York—and a prospect as far as the eye could reach over a plain of highly cultivated country, with tasteful country seats in the distance on the long stretch of the Ouse and the Foss. And then what a rush of History in one's mind, for over this now fertile plain, Briton, Scot, Roman, Saxon, and Norman have here shed rivers of blood. Upon almost every spot some man has bit the ground in death. But now a sweet peace reigns over this former scene of desolation. All is as a garden. No hostile Scot threatens to plunder the crops luxuriantly growing. The cattle graze in peace. Man wanders abroad fearless and unawed, with no war armor on, no spear nor arrow in his hand. Such are the fruits of religious civilization!

I left the Cathedral to look at other things in the city of York,—but all is tame after such a sight. I idled about the ruins of St Mary's Abbey, a fabric founded by William Rufus. I moved along the walls and the walks about it. I peeped into the windows of the old churches, of which York is full,—and the old, the narrow, and antique-fashioned lanes of the city; but as this was the first cathedral I was ever in, I could think of but little else. At eleven o'clock at night, in company with my friend, in the then yet luminous twilight, (mark what a contrast in time with ours) we took a survey again of its outward proportions, for a misty light looms up the more, even such a prodigious pile. We met the watchman of the cathedral, with a lantern in his hand, (for a watch has been kept ever since the incendiarism of 1829)—just entering the door upon his round. We solicited permission to enter, and he gave it. The dark lantern was kept closed, and the least whisper of ours could be heard all along the arches. My softest footsteps seemed like heavy trampings of some huge beast. I clung to my friend, if not in terror, at least in awe. There was a shivering of horror in the whole frame. We went among the tombs and monuments once more. A little misty twilight entered the stained window. My fancy was wrought up. I thought I saw the feudal lords spring to life, with all their armor on. The mitred Bishop, with the crosier, seemed to stand before me, as did his statue. The sculptured images were ghosts. The stony angels seemed to stretch their wings and blow their trumpets with a real life. I never before felt such a terrible illusion, such an awful sense of loneliness. I would not take the watchman's office for a Cathedral, and yet I have no fear of grave yards nor of ghosts—but I fear the antiquity there is here—I dread those hideous forms of sculptured stone. I could not forget the thousand superstitions of the days in which they lived, and which I half believed, philosophy in spite. I went home to a troubled bed, dreaming all night of Mitred Bishops and ugly Barons. B.

DRY GOODS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rosen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s per yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 20

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 113 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 113 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 461 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leveret st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leveret st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 31 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets and beds complete—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. Air Beds—Cushions—Pillows—Gun Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, WASHINGTON STREET.

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

GRATES, GRATES

BRYENT & HERMAN, at their Factory, No. 16, Water street, offer for sale the most extensive assortment of Cast Iron FRAME GRATES to be found in this city. They have some very neat and handsome patterns, suitable for marble fire places, equal in beauty and superior in durability to any other kind now in use.—Builders, and all others in want, will do well to examine these Grates before purchasing elsewhere.

august 22 3m

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

NO. 31, for September, just published by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington street, (up stairs.) sept 5

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass,) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

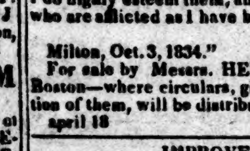
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 ly

IMPROVEMENT ON

DENTAL SURGERY.



DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

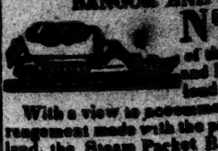
FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strength, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.

BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.



NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the season, of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M. for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

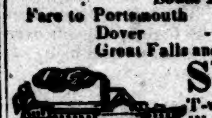
For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth	$2,00
Dover	$2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick	2,25



STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced.

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel, Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos. in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schrœder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Men Phil'y Columbian College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Cns K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C, Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbillical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do. do Gro de Berlin do; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Pouh de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, violet, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France, consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c. Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bolleyn; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poison, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Journal, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.

july 11

BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods promptly attended to.

july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets, Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

Samples can be examined as above.

☞ Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,				
100 do	do do Plain	do	do	
200 do	Medium quality do	do	do	
150 do	do Stitched	do	do	
300 do	Common do Plain	do	do	

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞ Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 4

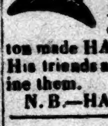
PERIODICALS FOR SEPT.

THE American Monthly Magazine, edited by C. F. Hoffman, author of "Winter in the West," and M. W. Herbert, author of 'The Brothers.'

Ladies, Book Ladies' Companion. Christian Examiner. Annals of Education. Horticultural Register. Mechanics' Magazine. Apprentices Companion. Scientific Tracts. Blackwood's and Metropolitan Magazines and Foreign Quarterly Review. Waldie's Library. People's Magazine, &c. &c. S. COLMAN,

sept 5 20, Cornhill.

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire New Stock of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. sept 12 2w

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 8

MR. PADDON,

210, WASHINGTON STREET.

sept 12 tf